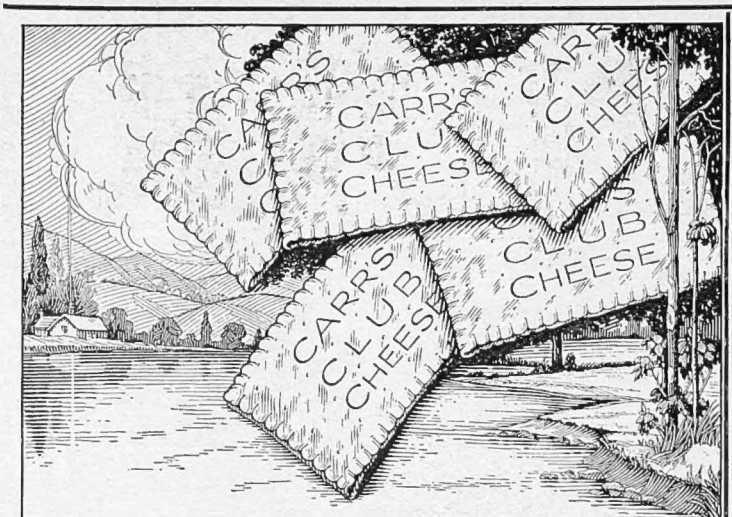
THE BYSTANDER



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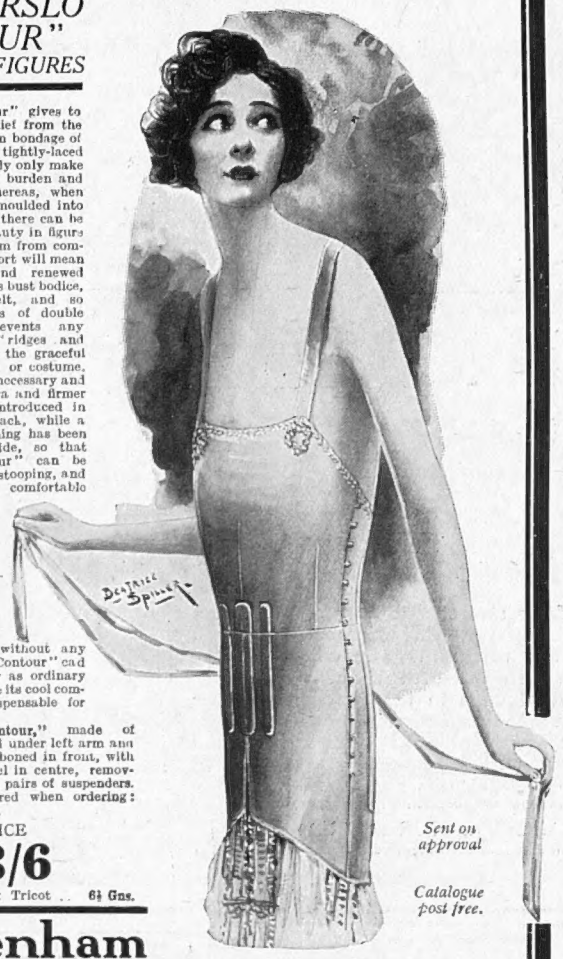

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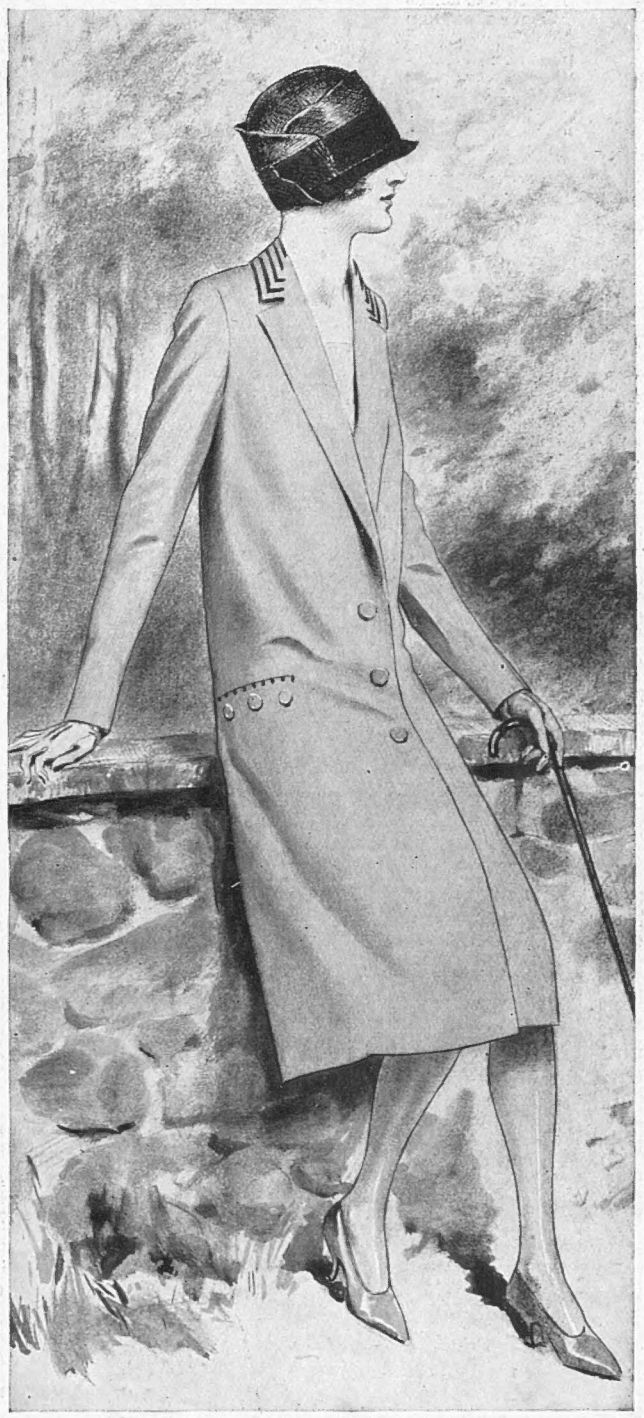

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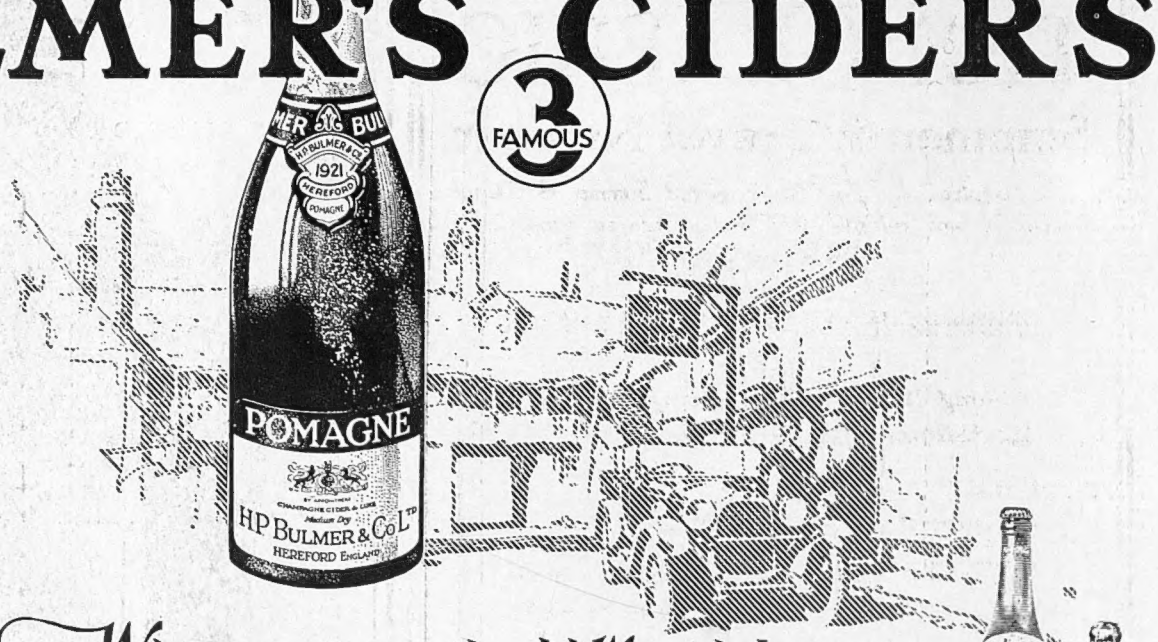

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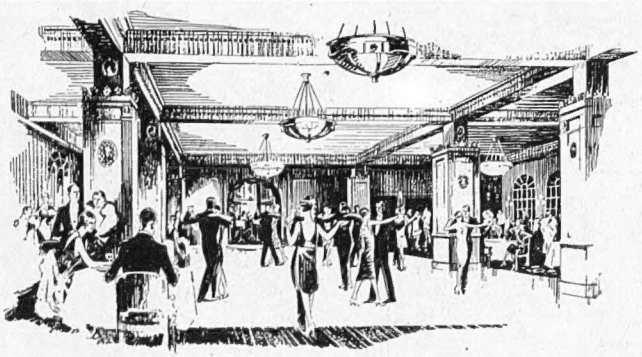

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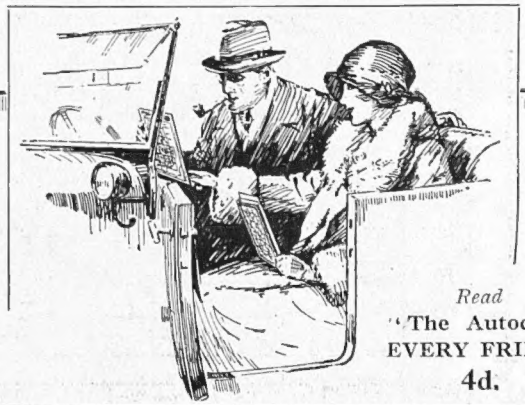

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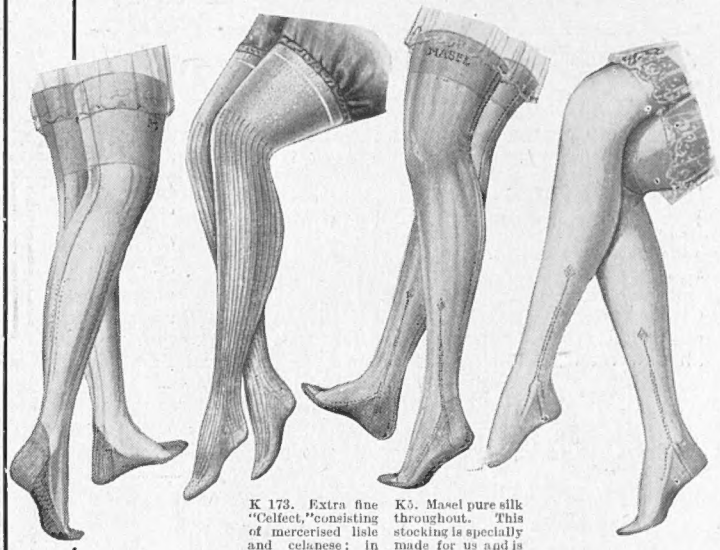

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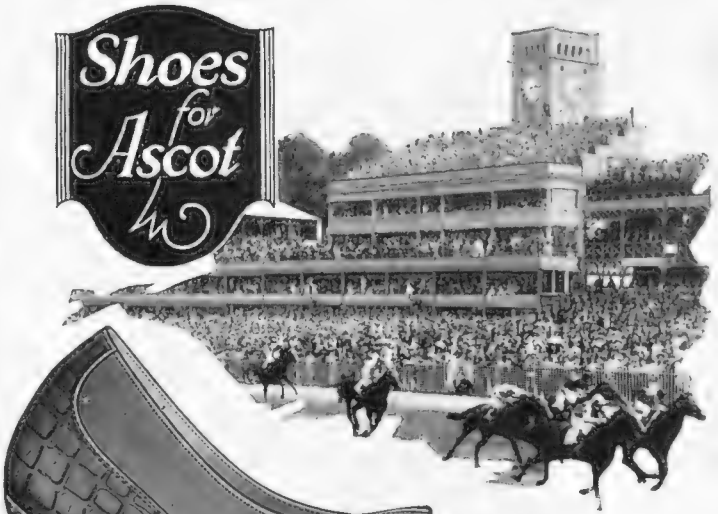

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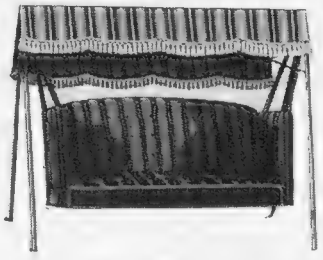

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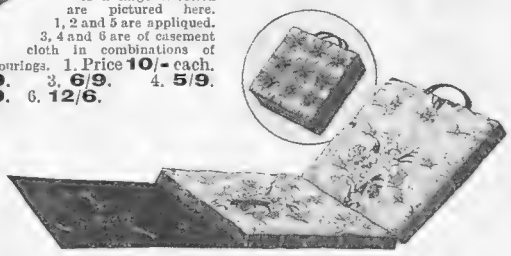

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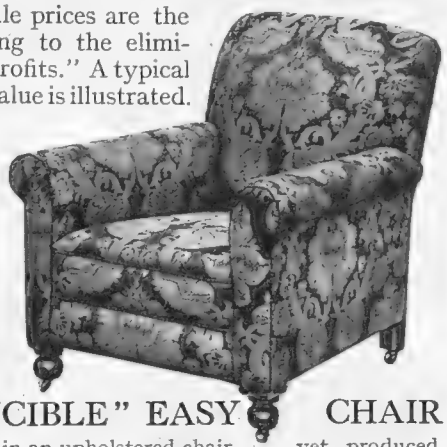

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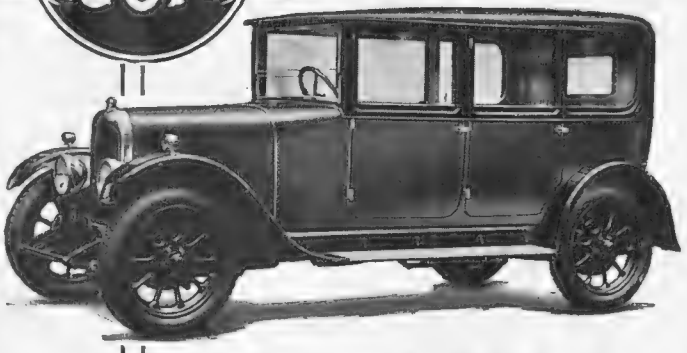

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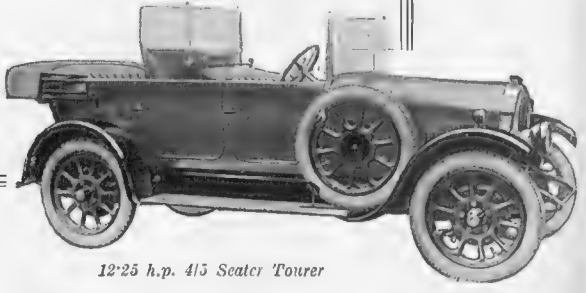

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Hotel de Geneve.
Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix.

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Pam's Hotel Restaurant.
Royalty (American Bar&Tearoom).
The Beau Rivage.

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Hotel Hermitage.
Le Splendid Hotel.
London House Tea Rooms.
Majestic Hotel.
Palace Hotel.
Queen's Hotel.

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Hotel Brighton, 218 Rue de Rivoli
Hotel Chatham, 19 Rue Daunou
Hotel Commodore, Boulevard Haussmann, Paris 9e.
Hotel Continental, 3 Rue Castiglione.
Hotel Lincoln, 24 Rue Bayard.
Hotel Lutetia.
Hotel Meurice, 228 Rue de Rivoli.
Hotel Oxford & Cambridge, 13 Rue d'Alger (1e).
Hotel St. Petersburg, 33/5 Rue Caumartin (nr. Opera).
Royal Monceau Hotel, 33 Ave. Hoche.

Pourville-sur-Mer (Seine Inf.).—Albion Hotel

St. Jean de Luz (B.P.).—Golf Hotel.
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The Bystander, June 9, 1926 No. 1173. Vol. XC

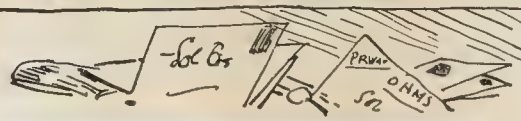
The BYSTANDER

BY H. JOHN PEARSON

The wavelets blue sing songs anew to Youth who hears the call,
In sun-kissed days we'll play and laze 'neath Summer's gentle thrall

Open Letter to—Sol Esq.

By A. A. Thomson.



DEAR Mr. Sun, we have heard of you,
Hiding away in the endless blue ;
You live, we are told, some miles away ;
Ninety million or so, they say.
For a chap like you, that isn't far—
You could get a lift in Phœbus' car.
We're writing to ask (without a fuss),
Wouldn't you like to call on us?

You've heard of England? Or have you not?
A pleasant and tidy and friendly spot.
We've cities a few and a countryside
In which we take a modest pride.
We've woodlands green and a flower or two—
Bluebells and columbines, not a few ;
Ragged robin and meadowsweet—
To mention some you might like to meet.

We have cottages thatched, with curling smoke
And apple-cheeked lasses and kindly folk,
And lanes that wind for many a mile ;
Aren't they (I ask you) worth a smile?
We've heard of you through a Mr. Willett—
A sound idea, so pray don't kill it,
But we want much more than an extra hour.
Give us a bucketful! Give us a shower!

You sit on a gleaming throne afar ;
You've a standard (gold) that is always par.
Up in the heavens your home you make—
Shine on us now for heaven's sake ;
Let all the grousers be firmly sat on ;
Give us the weather that smiles grow fat on!
Make every man put his old straw hat on!
Give us a wicket that Hobbs can bat on!
Give us your best, old Sun!

DRAWING BY LEO CHENEY

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

So This is Summer!

THE arrival of summer is marked by all sorts of signs and portents. We back the winner of the Derby, and as our pet bookmaker pays out over Coronach we say that summer has come. The international golf match results in a victory for America, and we are more convinced than ever that summer is really with us. And then comes this special Summer Number of THE BYSTANDER, which places the issue beyond a doubt.

The Season Starts

AND what a summer this is going to be! Their Majesties' Courts are to-day and to-morrow, and the Ranelagh Horse and Polo Pony Show is even now in progress. The first test match starts at Nottingham on Saturday and Ascot opens on Tuesday, with the Olympia Horse Show and the Wimbledon Tennis Championships following close upon their heels.

What a June!

AND as though that were not enough, this month of June will see the second test match at Lord's and the opening of Henley Week. No wonder we are promising ourselves the gayest Season since the war—always providing that our industrial tangles sort themselves out in time. The fact that the Prince of Wales will be at home should prove one of its greatest assets.

Varying Vicissitudes

THOSE industrious fellows who persistently scan the political firmament for the rising and setting of new and old stars may have been struck by a double phenomenon. The see-saw progress of Lord Birkenhead and Sir John Simon has intrigued the gossips ever since they left Oxford. Brilliant men both, they enjoyed varying vicissitudes, until the hazards of war appeared to prejudice the chances of the latter beyond hope of recovery.

His Opportunity

THEN came the General Strike, and Sir John Simon seized his opportunity with both hands. His pronouncement on the illegality of the action of the T.U.C. gripped the conscience of the country, and he stood higher in the estimation of his fellows than ever before. His admirers began to compare his level mental equipment with the more scintillating but uncertain qualities of Lord Birkenhead, to the latter's disadvantage—until news began to filter through that, in the counsels of the Government, no man had shown greater restraint or a more judicial mind than the Secretary for India.

A Devastating Phrase

AND now Lord Birkenhead has further turned the tables with an essay on pacificism worthy of Sir John Simon himself. "I am sure that the world will not willingly and indefinitely tolerate the solution of questions . . . or the exploitation of quarrels by the brutal arbitrament of arms." Such a pronouncement, capped by such a devastating phrase, must kill the popular legend that Lord Birkenhead is a sort of modern Nero who loves to strum a ukulele while Britain goes hurtling into the revolutionary abyss.

A Silly Lie

DURING the early days of the strike it was recklessly stated that Lord Birkenhead had stampeded Mr. Baldwin and his Cabinet into premature action in the hope of forcing

By Blam

CRICCIETH'S CHAMPION "CO-OP" DOES HIS "TISHY" TURN!

a quarrel that wiser counsels might have averted. "It has got to come, and the sooner the better!" was the silly lie foisted on the man who we now find pleading for reasonable and pacific feeling. "Not in arms, not in strife, not in bloodshed lies the hope of constituted society and of civilisation; but in respect for the sanctity of the spoken word, of international obligations, and in the sympathetic and intuitive understanding of the other nation's point of view."

A Quaint Custom

During the summer months—from now until the end of September—the sordid atmosphere of the Old Bailey will be sweetened by the gift of roses and sweet-scented herbs made by the City Corporation to those dispensers of justice who pursue their lawful occasions in the Central Criminal Court. This quaint custom dates back to the days, as my morning paper reminds me, when the Old Bailey was a less sanitary place than it is now, and when "the odour from the underground dungeons swept through the unventilated courthouse, spreading infection."

A Taste for Garbage

Is it too much to hope that the effect of this pleasant tradition may sweeten the outer purlieus of the Old Bailey, spreading even to those few remaining newspaper offices where a taste for criminal garbage still persists. A certain unworthy type of newspaper circulation resembles a more natural fungoid growth, in that both flourish under unsavoury conditions, and the offal of the Courts is spread lovingly at the roots of certain journals that might be named. Such journals get the readers they deserve—and they are welcome to them!

A Shock for the Censor

I fancy that the Lord Chamberlain must have had something of a shock when he faced the members of the Critics' Circle at the Trocadero Restaurant last week. There was a touch of smug complacency about the way in which he brushed aside the question of the Sunday opening of theatres, and there was more than a touch of surprise when so conservative a critic as Mr. E. A. Baughan told him, firmly and flatly, that it was the feeling of the theatrical profession that there was no reason why theatres should not be opened on Sundays. This dictum, says *The Times*, was received with cheers; and I am not surprised.

Is it Fair?

The Englishman, it may surprise Lord Cromer to learn, likes to be fair first and logical afterwards. Lots of arguments can be trotted out against the Sunday opening of theatres, but the Englishman cannot understand why such arguments are not marshalled against the opening of the picture palaces. What is sauce for the stage should be sauce for the cinema, and so long as Lord Cromer dodges that simple point of equity, so long will he find himself kicking against the pricks of public conscience. Is it fair that American films should make money while English actors starve? It is *not* fair.

What *Did* They Talk About?

Since the opening of the flat season I have been trying to remember what racing enthusiasts talk about during the winter. Naturally a month or so is occupied with explanations and regrets, while another month or so, preceding the Lincolnshire, is given over to prophecies and anticipations concerning the coming season. But what happens between these periods of hail and farewell? That is a question which I hope to answer this time next year.

Road Arrows

I am sorry for Nelson. They have been painting white arrows all round Trafalgar Square, and the traffic is moving in a sort of giddy-go-round, until he must surely have spots in front of his good eye. To paraphrase slightly an old song:—

I drive through Trafalgar Square,
Four arrows to guide me;
Buckets of whitewash all over the place
And notices staring me right in the face.
I own it's a bit confusing,
But I look at it this way, you see:
If it's good enough for Nelson,
It's quite good enough for me!

A Story of Phil May

Here is a rather curious coincidence. Quite recently, Alfred Leete, the humorous artist, told how he once wrote to an editor from Monte Carlo, and how impressed the dear fellow was, to be sure! Now, Seymour Hicks comes along with this story about the late Phil May. Feeling that an address was everything, May took the lease of a very smart unfurnished flat in Bond Street, where he, and four other artists as penniless as himself, slept on the floor and worked in the bare, uncarpeted rooms. They were repaid by finding that their valuation of human nature was correct, and that "Bond Street" was the "open sesame" to the publisher's sanctum.

"Someone is Icumen In Loudly sing 'Look you'"

BY E. T. REED

LORD OXFORD: "What! That little animal again? Yet I threw him out into deep water with what is—for me—unprecedented violence, and the brick certainly seemed sufficient to ensure complete and final submergence!"

THE UNSINKABLE DOG: "Any nice Liberal calves about that I can fasten my teeth into?"

GETTING ALONG SWIMMINGLY

Our photographer's alleged record of Coronach winning the wettest Derby of recent years by five cable's lengths. When invited to tell us how he secured this striking result, the photographer explained that some of the day's downpour must have flooded out the lens of his camera

L.N.A.

A REALLY ROYAL SMILE

Prince Henry in happy mood at the Epsom meeting. From the absence of rain it is quite obvious that the photograph was *not* taken on Derby Day!

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Summer

And so, good my gentles, here we are once again in the first burst and glamour of the Season. And that means Summer.

Do you know that we owe the London Season as we have it now to sportsmen? It is curious, isn't it? how sport works its way in one direction or another into every phase of our national life. Well, once upon a time the London Season was much earlier, but when the law stepped in and made a close time for dicky birds and foxes the London Season didn't begin until shooting and hunting were over, so that's why we have Court functions and a round of gaieties:

When strawberry pottles are common and cheap,
Ere elms be black, or limes be sere,
When midnight dances are murdering sleep,
Then comes in the sweet o' the year!
And far from Fleet Street, far from here,
The Summer is Queen in the length of the land,
And moonlight nights they are soft and clear
When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand.

L.N.A.

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE

Lady Stanley showing Princess Mary her mascot jockey at the Epsom races. Lord Stanley, Lord Derby's heir, is seen standing behind Princess Mary

AT EPSOM *Topical*

His Majesty alighting from his car on his arrival for the racing at Epsom. This year the King's colours were not carried in the Derby

"One Thing after Another"

Last week was like the soldier's troubles, "just one thing after another." But I leave out his qualifying adjective, as all the things were extremely pleasant and entertaining.

The week opened with the ball given by

the Marchioness of Ailesbury for her two daughters, Lady Rosemary and Lady Ursula Brudenell-Bruce, which was followed on Tuesday by the ball at Eresby House arranged by the Duchess of Rutland in aid of the Friends of the Poor. Prince and Princess Arthur were present at this ball. The same evening Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles went to Mrs. Arthur James's dance in Grafton Street.

These, and other dances, made the Opera quite gay, as so many people who were going on to one or the other went to hear Madame Lotte Lehmann as Desdemona, the new Sicilian baritone Signor Stabile as Iago, and Signor Zenatello as Othello in Verdi's *Otello*, an opera very rarely heard in London.

All the gaieties, naturally, reached a climax on Derby night, when the King, following the example set by King Edward, entertained the members of the Jockey Club to dinner, going on afterwards to the ball at Derby House, where the Queen had dined with Lady Derby.

Mud Larks

THOSE people who remained in London for Derby Day were children of wisdom, since, from all I hear, your Bystander being one of the children of wisdom, anything more uncomfortable, disagreeable, and depressing couldn't have been imagined.

The ground quickly became a semi-liquid Slough of Despond, with cars "slowly settling down in the direction of Australia," as one American put it. The tents and marquees bore up as bravely as they could against the steady downpour, but finally gave up the battle, and, thoroughly vanquished, let the rain through at apparently every place at which it had a fancy to enter.

And then, on the top of all that, the favourite did not win!

The return journey to London seems to have been something in the nature of a nightmare, the only comfort being that the wisdom of the people who stopped at home lessened the number of cars on the road considerably. But it appears to have been a doleful Derby—except for the people who backed Lord Woolavington's Coronach.

Farringdon Photo Co.

RECENT ARRIVALS

Sir James and Lady Parr, with two of their daughters, photographed on their arrival at Waterloo from "down under." Sir James has recently been appointed High Commissioner for New Zealand

L.N.A.

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

The Hon Richard Dawnay, Lord Downe's heir, with his fiancée, Miss Margaret Bahnsen, daughter of Mr. Christian Bahnsen, of Passaic, New Jersey. Mr. Dawnay is in the Grenadier Guards

P. and A.

THE HOSPITAL'S DAY

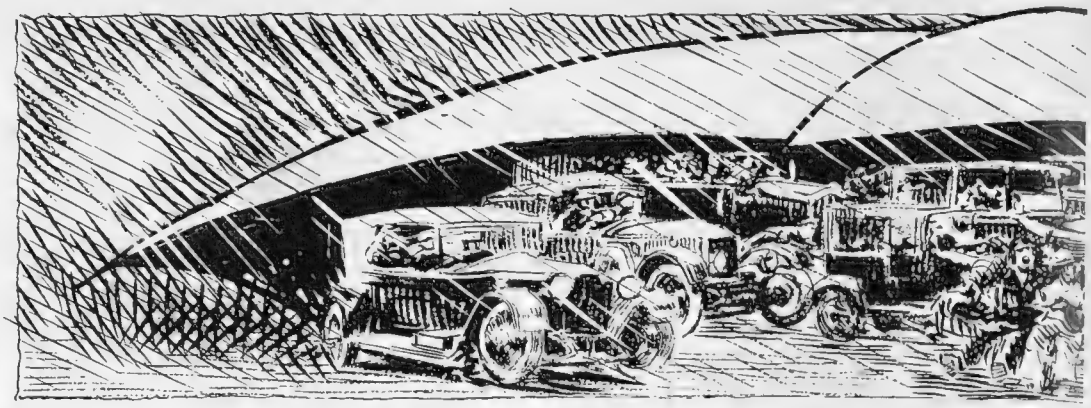
The Prince of Wales walking through University College Hospital on the occasion of the opening of the new extensions. The building of these has been made possible by a gift from the Rockefeller Institute of New York

Derby Night

THE glitter of the evening, however, made amends, although the still-persistent rain damped the ardour of those who would have gathered to see the King's men-guests, all members of the Jockey Club, driving up to Buckingham Palace

(*Continued on page* 564)

WET BOBS AT EPSOM



I. B.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

I. B.

BARON DE TUYLL (left) AND LORD WESTMORLAND

Photopress

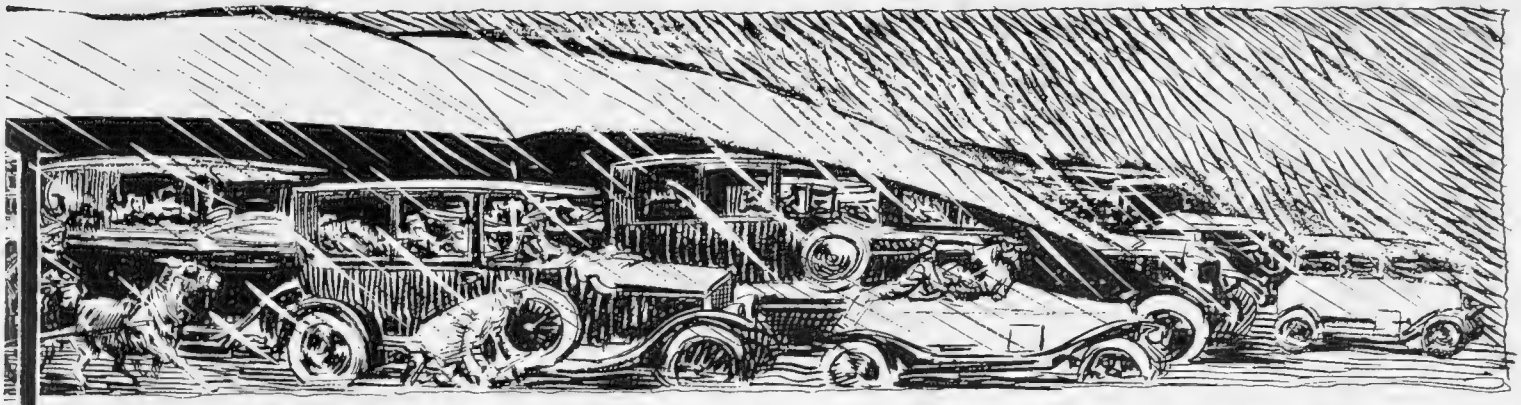
LADY IRENE PRATT AND THE HON. ARCHIBALD CUBITT

Alfieri

COLONEL LODER AND MRS. NORMAN

Alfieri

MAJ.-GEN. THE HON. SIR CECIL BINGHAM, MRS. THELUSSON, SIR JOHN HEWETT, MRS. ATKINSON AND MR. P. YORK



Sport and General

LADY BLANDFORD WITH A FRIEND

Sport and General

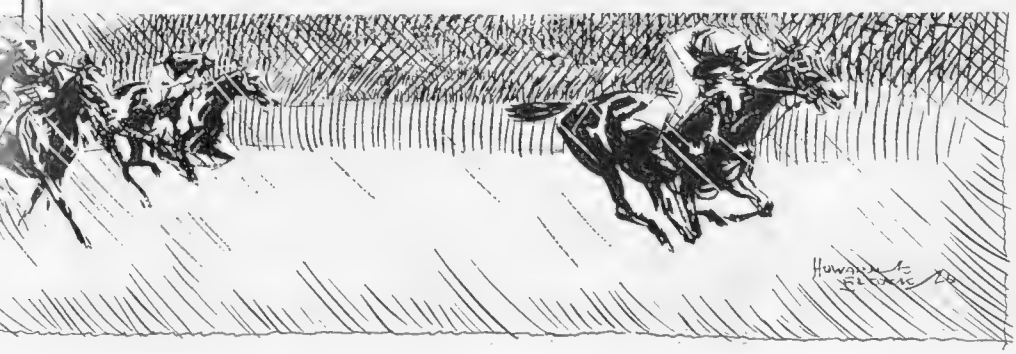
LORD AND LADY CHESHAM

I. B.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

Alfieri

LORD LASCELLES WITH MR. AND MRS. GORDON FOSTER AND SOME FRIENDS



Sport and General

MAJOR AND MRS. PHIPPS HORNBY

Topical

Mr. George Bruce Ismay, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ismay, leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, with his bride, Miss Florence Edrington of Park Avenue, New York City

G.P.U.

Major the Hon. Edmund Perry, D.S.O., and his bride, Miss Trotter, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Trotter, leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bridegroom is the son of the late Earl of Limerick

L.N.A.

Mr. Eustace Gervais Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, son of Sir Eustace Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, K.C.B., and his bride, Miss Pamela Gladstone, leaving the church. The wedding was held at St. Margaret's Westminster

for His Majesty's Derby dinner; and to see the Queen go to Derby House.

The restaurants were crowded, and if Colorado was not quite so popular as he had been the evening before, the young and old people who made merry and danced did not seem to be unduly depressed. And, of course, everybody said that never, no, never would they ever back a popular favourite again. But then, we all say the same thing every year, don't we? after the Derby. The favourites never seem to win.

And the Night Before

THE night before the Derby Mrs. Benjamin Guinness gave a party at her residence in Carlton House Terrace for Madame Edvina, who in private life is the Hon. Mrs. Edwardes, and who, deserting the Grand Opera stage, had made a very successful appearance at the Strand Theatre in *Hearts and Diamonds*, a musical comedy which has had a great success in Vienna under the title of *The Orlov*. The new Roumanian tenor, Mr. George Metaxa, likewise appeared in *Hearts and Diamonds*, so the first-night audience, which included the Infanta Beatrice, a sister of the Queen of Roumania, had plenty of thrills. The dresses and scenery, I hear, are gorgeous.

In a Good Cause

MISS VACANI, the celebrated teacher of dancing, is giving a matinée at Daly's Theatre on June 25 to help the funds of the Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square, and the Children's Holiday Fund, at which Princess Mary has promised to be present. Several charming ballets have been arranged by Miss Vacani and many well-known Society children will be taking part. Among others, Lady Pamela Smith, Lady Cecelia Wellesley, and Lady Diana Wellesley are taking part in the Rainbow Ballet; the young Marquess Townshend and his sister, Lady Elizabeth Townshend, are dancing Scotch reels, and many others are also performing. Some of this season's débutantes are to dance in the "Fan Dance," when many of them will be wearing their Court dresses. The tickets are selling splendidly, and the matinée promises to be a very real success.

A TRIO OF JUNE WEDDINGS

G.P.U.

A POLO OCCASION

Mrs. Buckmaster presenting the Whitney Cup to Major Vivian Lockett, captain of the 17/21st Lancers Team, after they had beaten the Hurricanes in the final

Worth Considering

THERE were several points in the lecture Commendatore Luigi Villari gave on "The Economic Problems of Italy" the other day at University College which one wishes our own authorities—mercantile and governmental—would consider.

After telling us all about the Italian economic difficulties of the past sixty years, the lecturer drew this conclusion—which I commend to the Communistically and Socialistically inclined: He described how Italy had tried to overcome these difficulties, and then pointed out that the tendency of politicians to regard even economic problems from a party standpoint was a serious handicap to progress, and the Government's measures were not always exclusively based on economic considerations, so that a great deal of the progress actually achieved was due chiefly to private enterprise. That is a big point, isn't it?

The change in Italy in the last few years has been amazing, and in a large measure is traceable to the development of electric power all over the country.

Another point we might ponder upon in this country is the legislation for settling labour disputes by means of compulsory arbitration.

Commendatore Villari, who is a son of the great Italian historian and publicist, Professor Villari, for so many years one of the leading figures in Florence, speaks English as if it were his native tongue. During the War he did some very valuable liaison work between Italy and England.

I.B.

LADY WARRENDER COMPETING IN THE BALL AND BUCKET RACE

Alfieri

COLONEL ASHTON (LEFT), MISS RAMSDEN, LADY WARRENDER AND MR. J. RAMSDEN IN THE LLOYD LINDSAY RACE

IN THE SADDLE

Some of those who took part in the recent Polo Gymkhana which was held at the Roehampton Club. There was a full entry for the different events

"Cottages at Sandwich"

THE Prince of Wales's decision to spend the week-ends of June at Sandwich will give a further *cachet* to that resort of the millionaires. Practically everybody who has a house there is rich. Only the other day a "marine residence" was described as a "seaside cottage." But it had something like twenty bedrooms and I don't know how many reception rooms.

Sandwich has the advantage of being very quiet and out of the track of seaside tripperdom. It likewise has invigorating air and some of the best golf links in the country. It is said that the Duchess of York and the infant Princess Elizabeth will spend some days in the near future at Lady Astor's house there, but in the meantime the Duchess and her daughter have gone to Lord Strathmore's country place near Welwyn, in Hertfordshire.

Munificence

FOR long-sustained munificence and generosity it would be difficult to beat Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray. Not so very long ago Lord Cowdray bore the expense of converting the old Lyceum Club in Piccadilly into the present luxurious Royal Air Force Club. Lady Cowdray followed this by acquiring Lord Oxford's old house in Cavendish

Central News

MISS CECILIE NICKALLS, THE WINNER OF THE BALL AND BUCKET RACE

Square and turning it into the beautiful Cowdray Club for nurses and professional women. It is the best furnished women's club in London.

Now Lord and Lady Cowdray have combined to build a headquarters for the College of Nursing in Henrietta Street, just round the corner from the Cowdray Club. It is superbly equipped and the Queen was loud in her admiration when she opened it.

The College of Nursing has 25,000 members, and Lord and Lady Cowdray, realising that a more worthy home than the old premises was required for the organisation, generously provided the College building. As Sir Arthur Stanley told the Queen, "Lady Cowdray has never since ceased to shower gifts upon it." Thanks largely to her efforts a fund exceeding £100,000 has been raised to provide for nurses in ill-health, together with an endowment fund of £68,000 for the College, which it is hoped to increase to £100,000.

Hay Wrightson

MISS JOAN PAKENHAM

The eldest daughter of Colonel H. A. Pakenham, C.M.G., of Langford Lodge, County Antrim. Her engagement is announced to Mr. Angus D. Campbell (late 9th Lancers), younger son of Mr. Colin and Lady Angela Campbell, of Everlands, Sevenoaks, and Lowndes Square, S.W.

Hay Wrightson

MISS DESIREE THESIGER

The daughter of Lt.-Colonel the Hon. Eric Richard Thesiger, D.S.O.

Lafayette

MISS DOROTHY MISKIN

Who will be Presented this Season by Lady Alice Mahon, the sister of the Marquis of Sligo

Hay Wrightson

MISS GLORY McNALTY

The daughter of Mrs. Irvine McNalty. She is to be Presented at one of the early Courts by her godmother, Lady Smiley

In a Tudor Garden

I am asked to tell you, and especially those amongst you who love old gardens, that Lady Gisborough is producing *A Maske of History and Romance* on June 19th at Great Fosters, the Hon. Gerald Montagu's house at Egham, which once was a hunting lodge belonging to Queen Elizabeth, in aid of the late Princess Christian's Y.M.C.A. Red Triangle Club at Englefield Green.

The garden at Great Fosters will make a perfect setting for the incidents in the *Maske* taken from the lives of Anne Boleyn and Queen Elizabeth, as it is entirely Tudor and surrounded by a moat. There will be an afternoon and an evening performance. Tickets may be had from Lady Gisborough, Central Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, W.C.1.

To add to the attractions the orchestra will be conducted by Lady Jeane Petherick, who, you will remember, conducts the orchestra at the annual performances of the Windsor Strollers.

Country House Hotels

And so we are to have another country house within easy reach of London converted into an hotel. This is Formosa Place, at Cookham, which belongs to Mr. George Young, the eldest son of the venerable baronet of the same name.

The Formosas at Cookham are rather bewildering, for there are three of them, Formosa Place, Formosa Fishery, the residence of Sir George Young, and Formosa Court.

Formosa Place should make a delightful hotel, especially as, so I hear, it is to be run on country-house lines by its owner and his wife, who was a daughter of the late Sir Courtenay Ilbert, one of the most courteous officials in the Parliamentary world. The house is of a good size, what is described as "comfortable," set in one of the most beautiful parts of the river, and with wide lawns stretching right down to the water. An ideal spot for a week-end.

The Reason Why

An elderly man was looking at a hurrying crowd of women going up a staircase at a railway station, each short-frocked and showing generous inches of flesh-coloured stocking—and, incidentally, every shape and variety of leg.

"We always used to think," the elderly man said reflectively, "that women wore their dresses long because of modesty. Now I know it was from shame!"

After the Christening

Central News

The Duke and Duchess of York with their daughter, whose christening took place last week in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace. The infant princess, who was named Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, was christened with water from the Jordan, which was placed in the gold font brought especially from Windsor Castle

A BOOK, A PLAY AND A MAN OF TO-DAY

BY REGINALD ARKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

NIGHT LIFE

(By Ralph Nevill)

O LITTLE, little Londoners,
Give ear unto my song ;
You've got to hear the truth, for once ;
You've got to have it strong !
Crawl from your midnight cabaret,
Your theatre and bar,
To learn there's one who thinks you're not
The nuts you think you are.

Your poets rhyme of lilac-time
At Kensington and Kew,
But when 'tis really lilac-time
You're standing in a queue.
You pay to be amused and any drivel
Holds you tense ;
You can't amuse yourselves because
You haven't got the sense.

You go to little theatres
And sit out Russian plays ;
You scarcely understand a word
That anybody says.
You cannot take a step unless
A poster points the way ;
You dare not even smile unless
The critics say you may.

You flock to dance-clubs every night—
Too bored to go to bed.
You're usually over-dressed
And always over-fed.
Your loves are mostly second-hand,
You've had them by the score !
You scarcely ever love a girl
Who's not been loved before !

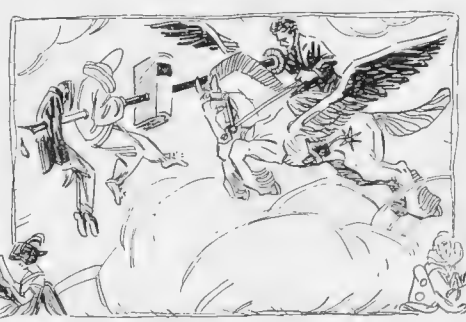
You never pick a flower, or see
A daffodil in bloom,
Unless 'tis drooping in a vase
Inside a stuffy room.
You never see the evening star ;
You set your course o' nights
By vanishing advertisements
Of red and yellow lights.

ENVOI

A bad, mad, modern Babylon,
As everybody must agree.
Heigho ! I must be getting on—
I'm dancing at the Embassy !

MR. A. W. CARR

THESE cricket fans,
It seems to me,
Are quite unable
To agree.
They argue far
Into the night,
Till white is black
And black is white.
But from the things
I hear and read
These cricket fans
Are all agreed :
That when it comes
To Captain Carr,
We've hitched our wagon
To a star !



"THE UNSEEMLY ADVENTURE"

WE shouldn't be hard
Upon fat men ;
They can't help their
Comical shape :
Poor human balloons,
With faces like moons,
Whose tailors have run out of tape !

We ought to feel sorry
For fat men !
Consider their lot
I implore :
They go to the church
And get left in the lurch
Because they can't get through the door!

I mourn for the sorrows
Of fat men,
In sackcloth and ashes
And crêpe ;
They can't even sin
Like the folk who are thin
Because they're too fat to escape.

This play is the tale
Of a fat man ;
The fattest I've seen
For an age.
He looks, from the stalls,
Like the Dome of St. Paul's,
He fills every inch of the stage.
Long ago,
As you know,
It was said
We had no
Bananas on barrow
Or stall.
The reason is plain,
But I'll tell you again :
Bruce Winston
Had eaten
Them all !

"Hey! Hey! Charleston!"

BY HYNES

BARRIE OLIVER

The young dancer whose acrobatic "Charlestoning" has proved so popular in the cabarets. He has appeared at the Café de Paris, the Piccadilly, the Kit-Cat and Uncle's. At the last-named place he has become quite a recognized feature of the establishment owing to his long residence

THE COACHING CLUB MEET

JUNE JOYS ON

L.N.A.

COLONEL AND MRS. MAYNE ON THE BOX

Alfieri

SIR LEES KNOWLES (LEFT) AND SIR EDWARD AND LADY STERN

MR. AND MRS. J. P. THEOBALD AND MRS. J. RITCHIE

L.N.A.

MR. LONGFIELD WITH HIS COACHING PARTY

Alfieri

THE HON. GEORGE SAVILE WITH HIS TURN-OUT

The first turn-out of coaches of the Coaching Club was held in Hyde Park recently. The meeting was well attended

ROAD AND RIVER

SUMMER EIGHTS AT OXFORD

L. N. A.

Keystone

Sport and General

Three photographs taken during the Summer Eights at Oxford last week. The top photograph shows a general view of the course during the races. In the centre the crew of Christ Church II are seen on their way to the boat house, whilst the bottom photograph shows the 3rd Division racing in progress

Other People's Pleasures

ART FOR OUR SAKE

By DELL LEIGH

We have come to study and criticise what the grave, detached gentleman in the green velour hat and the cornflower-blue flannel shirt describes mysteriously but authoritatively as "paint." This is the one hundred and fifty-eighth exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, and you would think that should be sufficiently impressive to reduce us to a silent appreciation and wonderment of all this galaxy of colour and piquant portraiture of the fair and famous. Not a bit of it.

We have got a good deal to say. And we say it aloud, generally to ourselves, because our companion has wandered away in the most irritating manner to the next picture; or we find ourselves addressing a complete stranger, who rather resents it. The thing to do if, like me, you know nothing about the "quality," "timbre," "instinct," "feel," "atmosphere," "in-and-inness" of paint, is to pick out a couple of people who are pencilling their catalogues with queer cabalistic signs, and follow them about surreptitiously. You will find it very instructive. Also it does not cost anything.

The monologue will run somewhat on these lines:—

"2222. 'A City of Dreams.' H'm. Don't see anything very dreamy about that, d'you? It might be Monaco. Not at all unlike it in some respects. What? It *is* Monte Carlo? Well, why doesn't he say so?" (They shuffle on a pace or two.)

"3333. 'His Christmas Gift'—who to? I don't see the point of that. These artists are so vague. 'Silly, I call it; pointless" . . .

"4444. 'A Badminton Club.' Well, what on earth did they think it was—a dart-throwing alley?"

"5555. [Some ladies waking, *very negligée*, in the early morning.] What are those poor creatures doing? Oh, somebody has bought the picture. Why?" It must be *so* jolly for the artists when they hear this sort of thing!

"6666. H'm—er—oh, yes, here we are. 'Foxgloves and Sunlight.' Good Lord! But what has the banjulele got to do with it?" [This is a picture of an interior with a flower garden background, and the banjulele on the sofa happens to be a mandoline—but they can't be expected to know that.]

"7777. 'Circe.' I suppose that is meant to be a portrait of a lady, back view, discovered bathing by some tigers. She seems to be throwing flowers at them. Bit risky. Nice figure though, what?"

"Hullo! Here we are—look—well, I'm damned! Dear old Sir Welkin Rings, K.B.E., in his Mayoral Robes. And I knew him when he served me in the newspaper and tobacconist's shop in the High Street. Seems only like yesterday. What do you suppose he paid for that—a couple of thousand? Filthy waste of money. Come on . . ."

My only criticism of this wealth of artistic genius is that the titles of some of the pictures, especially the portraits, are unnecessarily curt and inadequate. For instance, here is one:—"Sir Somebody Something" is all the catalogue says. How much more thrilled you would be if it was explained to you that it was Sir Somebody Something "reading an adverse report to the shareholders"—for that is what his pained and astonished expression implies. On the other hand, here is what the local aldermen will presently proclaim as "a speaking likeness" of Sir D'Arcy Tarcey, Bart., G.B.E. The sub-title should surely have been "having just talked over a dubious board of directors." He looks so smugly pleased about the whole game of business with a large B.

And again, "Sir Super Mann"—they don't add "on the verge of his second stroke"; but he must have been at the time.

And it is curiously subtle the way advertising has crept into the Arts. Here is a most impressive portrait of that arresting personality, Sir Montague Minenwerfer (known affectionately, or otherwise, in all the European hardware markets as "Monte Minnie"), and the catalogue adds "Chairman and First President of the Plumbers' Benevolent Institution Fund." Surely that is worth something in these days of expensive space?

On the opposite wall of Gallery XXXIII (or it may have been XXXIV, I got rather tired and fogged at this stage of the pilgrimage) you can see, staring out at you steadfastly and benignly from its heavily gilt frame, the face of that invincibly strong, silent master of finance, Sir Isidore Ickuppe, "Managing Director of the Trustee, Fire, Life, and Death Assurance and Endowment Corporation (Britain), Limited." Obviously, any thoughtful and prudent person gazing into those oily eyes would think seriously about the renewal of their benefit policy. A valuable addition to this year's collection, from every point of view.

About every third picture in the rooms seems to be a portrait of a gentleman who has made pockets of money. This is rather depressing when given you in bulk. But it is evidently the right thing to have done, when you have reached a certain position in the world.

Well, I'm quite safe, anyway!

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP—!" By Mac

Beyond Words!

BY H. M. BATEMAN

THE NEW MOVEMENT IN SONG

By W. Lindsay Cable

A "CHIP" SHOT!

He: "After all, I am sure there can be no place like home!"
She: "Why, has something unpleasant happened at the golf club?"

BON MOT—IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A French firm of wine growers offer a prize for the best name for a new light wine which they are putting on the market. We suggest "MadamMoselle."

. . . . . .

There is still one method of settling trade difficulties which has not yet been tried:—Let employers and employed put their shoulders to the (common) weal.

. . . . . .

The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University has forbidden gramophone music to be played on the Cam. Undergraduates declare that his decision beats the banned.

. . . . . .

So Mote It Be.

When Sol shall warm the grassy swards,
And this drear rain abates,
And I disburse two bob at Lord's,
To get inside the gates;
When I can sit me down in peace,
By paying further fees,
I want the batsmen at the crease
To take some liberties.

Stonewallers don't a Test match win;
Let iron bars them cage;
Or let them hide themselves within
Some sheltered hermitage;
If we have freedom in our bats,
Who'll cut and drive with ease,
Angels above! Magnificats
Will hail such liberties!
Though the Test matches end in successes or losses,
Let us now cut the cackle and get to the "Aussies."

. . . . . .

A physician states that one egg is sufficient for any man's breakfast. As the French so neatly put it, *un œuf* is as good as a feast!

By Harold Earnshaw

GET TOGETHER

The Golfing Bard.

"Possibly Shakespeare played golf."—*Daily Paper.*

I like to think that Shakespeare once
Committed all a golfer's sins,
And fluffed his shots like any dunce,
And cut his losses in the whins!
But did he ever wield a club?
As he remarked, "Ay, there's the rub!" [1]

I think, though, students will agree
That he indubitably played:
Did he not say with obvious glee,
"The hour is fixed; the match is made?" [2]
And (see Macbeth) expressly state
The rule that "strokes must arbitrate?" [3]

How handicapped he was he knew,
When water-hazards came in shoals.
How oft was it his lot to view
His ball "punched full of deadly holes!" [4]
And feel (enough to make one boil)
The iron entering the soil!

Almost his very form I see,
And visualise him in the flesh,
And hear him standing by the tee
Remark, "How green you are and fresh!" [5]
Then when his foe was seven up,
Lordly exclaim, "Give him the Cup!" [6]

Yea, in those days of ante-jazz,
I'm sure he took and gave some beatings;
I feel as certain of it as
That "tourneys end in Autumn Meetings!" [7]
Answer me, he who disagrees,
Did he not "babble o' green fees?" [8]

. . . . . .

A contemporary says that *chefs* are thinking of striking unless they be allowed to have their names on the menus which they design. It would be interesting to see a march of the men of Garlic to Hyde Park.

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[1] *Hamlet* III, i, 65.
[2] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II., ii., 304.
[3] *Macbeth*, V., iv., 20.
[4] *K. Richard* III., V., iii., 125.
[5] *K. John*, III., iv., 145.
[6] *Hamlet*, V., ii., 285.
[7] [8] *Shakespeare revised.*

Figuratively Speaking

BY GEO. S. DIXON

"Is she well known in Society?"
"Oh, yes, she moves in the very best triangles!"

Produced April 29, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

A COCHRAN Revue is always a little different from other specimens of the craft. In the midst of the usual irresponsible whirl of jollity there is always a special delicacy for the refined palate of the gourmet in this class of entertainment. One of the first of these is called *Birdcage Walk*, which takes us back to a day when the world was younger, when Fashion stalked magnificently abroad, and Beau Nash was king of Bath. It is, as one of the players remarks to his lady, just a flower from an old bouquet, and recalls the delicate, poetic simile, that though the vase be shattered the scent of the violets it once held lingers about it still. From the trailing skirt of other times to the knee-high frock of to-day is a far cry. No doubt the modern way is not only more hygienic, but, as most of us have observed, distinctly more spectacular. They do say that the ladies are going about with bare knees soon, and after that, of course, there will be no telling.

ANOTHER of the daintier features of this remarkable show is called *Gigue* (Jig) and is further described as "Ballet on Classic Themes." It is supported by the familiar music of Bach, Handel, and Scarlatti, and the chief exponents are the muscular Leonide Massine, and a dainty lady with the difficult name of Nemtchinova. It tells once more the playful story of the romantic Prince and the guileless peasant girl, while the timely arrival of the unromantic Princess prevents the development of the usual and logical conclusion. But then it is a stock charge against the ladies that they have no respect for logic. The charm of fantasies of the kind is that they are under no obligation to hold the mirror up to Nature, and anything may happen in them as long as it is in line with the general scheme of harmony and colour. The lightness and beauty of the little ballet will surely delight all enthusiasts of this very appealing branch of the arts.

Lenare

VERY MUCH *À L'ARGENTINE*

Cortez and his partner showing how the Tango should really be danced in the Argentine scene. Their dancing is a great feature of the revue

THE broader vein of humour is well represented in the Revue. An original piece of nonsense, for instance, is the *Drama for Late Comers*. People who arrive late at the theatre are often puzzled as to the way the plot began, and this drama most successfully bridges over the gap. It is the usual triangle story. The lady's husband found a compromising letter from herself to her lover, appropriately enough, in the unwashed linen basket, and they must now fly to avoid his vengeance. At this moment late comers are observed in the house, and the heroine at once shouts aloud a synopsis of the previous chapters, as you might say. This little jest occurs once or twice, and is distinctly amusing. As can be well understood, the alleged late comers are part of the personnel of the theatre, as there is naturally a lack of raw material among the real public. One does not come late to a Cochran Revue!

THEN there is Spinelly, whose name would seem to be derived from the liberal dorsal display her frocks mostly afford us. This dainty lady first appears as a traveller arriving at a provincial town during the ubiquitous

Race Week, and finds every hotel booked to capacity, as the theatres say. She does not see how she is to get shelter for the night until she manages, after some minutes of concentrated endeavour, to attract the attention of a likely young man in the lounge. To him she pours out the story of her wrongs, and he listens sympathetically. There are, it is clear, two possible solutions of the difficulty, one of which is self-denying courtesy, and the other mere sinfulness. As the

young man sees it, either he can place his room at the lady's disposal absolutely, and sleep in the hall, or they can share the room in a nice spirit of friendliness. There is a smart anti-climax to the complication which reveals clever writing and rich humour.

Lenare

"ALL DRESSED UP"

Annie Croft, Hermione Baddeley, Eleanora Marra, and Laurie Devine in some of their striking dresses. These are *not* a forecast of this Season's fashions!

sent the impression produced upon a drowsy member of the audience who dropped off to sleep just as the curtain rose, after having diligently studied the

advertisements of the display screen. The consequence is that the story of the Wonderful Lamp is laughably interwoven with the representative features of the best-known advertisements.

at the pillar-box and halts between two opinions. The postman (Mr. Lance Lister), who is himself on the trail of the fair Gertrude, knows all about her admirer, and speaks his mind with a reckless disregard for the law of slander. In fact, he paints a glowing picture of a combined Sheik and Cave-man before he realises his indiscretion in having, as it were, materialised the modern Ideal. Gertrude's reply is a whoop of joy as she posts her letter of acceptance, and looks forward to a hectic future of unalloyed delight.

We next see this versatile actress in a scene showing how our great business houses bring recalcitrant customers obediently to heel. Spinelly attired, for this occasion only, with mid-Victorian primness, is the nominal manageress of all the departments of a large Store, and has been engaged as the "whipping boy" of the house. When customers complain she is summoned to the manager's room and told in the presence of the angry customer that she is dismissed on the spot. It takes some time for Mademoiselle to exhibit the right show of grief in her faked trouble, and this leads the manager to ask her what she would do if she really were dismissed. Mademoiselle replies with a look of smiling astonishment from the corner of her sparkling eye, as if she were surprised that the young man's father does not seem to have ever told him anything.

Then we drift on pleasantly to the pantomime of *Aladdin*. Mr. Lance Lister explains in a few well-chosen words that an attempt has been made to repre-

Miss Hermione Baddeley is, on the English side, the star humorist of the evening. She is first of all the erring wife in the special edition for late comers; and then we see her as Gertrude, an amorous servant-girl who is just about to post a letter of acceptance to a wooer, when she meets the good-looking postman

Among the many other attractive features is a jolly love duet that will doubtless achieve a wide popularity. It is just the tuneful expression by two young people of their matured conviction that they are head over heels in love with each other, and that's all there is to it. Cochran's Revue (1926) is a brilliant show that was bound to succeed, and if, as Addison protests, it is not in mortals to command success, there is nothing for it but to rank Mr. C. B. Cochran with the Immortals right away.

Jingle.

Cricket and Cunning

by A. A. Thomson

Illustrated by H. M. BROCK

WE in Steeple Thatchby have been hearing about these gentlemen from Australia. Frankly, we are not perturbed. People write articles in the papers about Mr. Collins and Mr. Gregory. Nobody has ever written articles in the papers about us. I will not say that our exploits are not recorded in the great Press of this country. That would be untrue. Every week we appear in the "Market Thatchby Gazette" (with Special Weekly Pig-breeding Supplement) as:

b Tumkins 0
or lbw, b Tumkins 0
or (but this rarely) not out 1

Apart from this bare statement of our achievements, however, we do not advertise. You may tell us that W. H. Ponsford once made 429 against Tasmania. No doubt he did. Against the feeble opposition of the poor heathen Tasmanians a bold man might do anything. But would Mr. Ponsford make 429 against our Oswald Greensitt on a Steeple Thatchby bumping wicket? He would not. He would not *live* to do it.

It has, of course, been incontestably proved that in all departments of the game England is almost ludicrously inferior to Australia. Indeed, when I think how low (according to the newspapers) England has sunk, I sometimes wonder how people like Hobbs and Tate have the cheek to go about at all. Very well, let us face facts. As we cannot compete with our opponents in batting, bowling or fielding, we can only encompass their downfall by strategy. Now we in Steeple Thatchby are masters of strategy. Consider what happened last year to Bill Tumkins, the Dinnington Parva demon fast bowler.

On the eve of the Steeple Thatchby-Dinnington Parva match, Bill Tumkins went into "The Jolly Cricketers" for a pint of ale, leaving his bicycle outside From this bicycle the lamp was removed by certain persons unknown. Upon mounting his machine at closing time, Mr. Tumkins was dramatically arrested by the Steeple Thatchby policeman (our cricket club treasurer) for riding a bicycle without a light. The prisoner was only released on condition that (*a*) he should bowl for us on the morrow against his own village and (*b*) take five wickets. As a matter of fact, he took 9 for 11, in recognition of which feat the Steeple Thatchby club presented him with an illuminated . . . bicycle lamp This is what we call strategy.

It seems to us in Steeple Thatchby that this policy might be employed with advantage in the coming Tests. It is universally admitted that we have in England a legal system which no Australian (or anyone else for that matter) could be expected to understand. It should be perfectly simple to inveigle (say) Mr. Mailey into committing some heinous offence (such as purchasing a box of matches or standing Mr. Macartney an ice in a theatre at an hour when such offences come within the shadow of the law. For this crime we should see to it that the offender was incarcerated in Maidstone Gaol for three years. He would then (and nobody can dispute this) have a residential qualification for Kent. And wouldn't he just skittle the Australians in 1929! Strategy. That is what we require.

I recollect another occasion on which Steeple Thatchby were set 36 to get to win, with a wicket to fall and only an over to play. This, at first sight, would appear to be a task of some difficulty, especially as we were represented at the crease by Ephraim Pepperwort, a good man with a scythe, but no Sutcliffe. You must know that we rent our cricket meadow from Farmer Pimstrim on the strict understanding that our play shall not interfere with the interests of English agriculture. As the bowler essayed to deliver the first ball of the fatal over, Mr. Pimstrim strode out from the pavilion and proceeded to tether a sinister-looking he-goat at square-leg. Square-

(*Continued on page 538*)

"As He Sighed for the Love of a Ladye"

Stage Photo Co.

Mr. Maurice Moscovitch, as the Great Lover, in the play of that name, treats Miss Marjorie Gordon to excerpts from his past. Mr. Moscovitch has staged this revival at the Shaftesbury

leg retreated. So did the umpire.

Ephraim gently moved the first ball round in the he-goat's direction and proceeded, with his partner, to run six, at which point the opposing captain called: "Lost ball!" No one attempted to field the ball. You may wonder at this. But then you do not know Farmer Pimstrim's he-goat. A new ball being requisitioned, the over continued. Off the next four deliveries 24 runs were scored. For the last ball the bowler, not without a certain cunning, sent down a slow wide on the off. Was Ephraim outwitted? Not he. He merely ran to point and kicked the ball back over his head to square-leg, causing the winning hit to consist of six leg byes.

A famous victory. Peevish protests there were, it is true, but, as our skipper pointed out, you may search your cricket rules from cover to cover and you will find no law which specifically forbids the tethering of a he-goat at square-leg. It seems to us that if the English captain were to apply similar tactics England might have a chance. A couple of lions would do, and the Zoo, as you know, is practically next door to Lords. That is how we see it in Steeple Thatchby, at any rate. A. A. T.

Square-leg retreated.

Sasha

IN THE DRESS OF OLD SEVILLE

Jeanne Aubert, the famous French revue star, in the garb of Spain. She is appearing in the "Midnight Follies" at the Metropole Hotel

The Gateways of London
WATERLOO

By Reginald Arkell *Illustrated by* O. Cuningham

On Saturdays, at Waterloo,
The lovers wander, two by two,
Seeking some quiet, shady spot
Where Quiet is, and crowds are not.
A quiet spot, where you and I
Dreamed in the happy days gone by,
When we were young, and joined the queue
On Saturdays at Waterloo.

On Saturdays at Waterloo,
The ghosts go marching, two by two;
A phantom army, brave and gay,
Singing the songs of Yesterday.
And still we seem to hear the beat
Of those unconquerable feet,
As they go marching, two by two,
On Saturdays at Waterloo!

The Mask

By ETHEL MANNIN

Illustration by W. E. WIGHTMAN

GILBERT took the mask into his hands and looked thoughtfully at the grinning, satanic mouth. He had not come into the musty little second-hand shop for any specific purchase; he frequently took a turn round its book-crowded walls, and the old man who kept the shop knew him well by sight. Gilbert had bought quite a number of battered old books there, and in periods of financial crisis he had taken armfuls of books to the old man and sold them to him for a few shillings. The old dealer stood by him now, peering up at him through his spectacles.

"A very fine piece of work," he urged. "A curio. I put it aside specially to show you. Here, I thought to myself, is a piece of work that the young man who bought my *de luxe* copy of Benvenuto Cellini will appreciate."

Gilbert laughed ruefully. "I appreciate it all right. It's a wonderful piece of bronze—and a very fine representation of Old Nick, but I'm afraid I can't afford to buy him. Impecunious artists can't afford to be collectors of anything but commissions, you know."

He handed the mask of Mephistopheles, with its horns and fangs, creased forehead, squat nose, high cheek-bones, and glittering eyes, back to the old dealer.

"I'll just have this jolly little edition of 'Candide,'" said Gilbert, but his eyes were still upon the mask in the old man's hands. The thing had a sinister fascination—or was it a fascinating sinisterness? Gilbert could not be sure, but there was no doubt about it the thing was unique and uncannily devilish

The old man, too, stood looking down at the grinning thing, fondling it with his withered hands.

"Do you believe in the supernatural?" he asked abruptly, suddenly peering up into Gilbert's face again.

Gilbert laughed, a little awkwardly. "I don't know. One says one doesn't, of course, but one is superstitious in spite of oneself. Why do you ask?"

"There is a story concerning this mask—a legend if you prefer to call it so. It might interest you, perhaps? It is about an artist—a sculptor."

Gilbert leaned back against the wall of books and smiled. "Go ahead," he said.

The old man seated himself solemnly in a chair beside the counter. A curious figure he made sitting there with his skull-cap and his shining alpaca coat, his spectacles, and his wrinkled old hands still caressing the bronze mask of the devil.

"It is the story of a well-known sculptor," he said, "and for that reason I will not give you his name. He is alive to-day and still working, but it is generally considered by the connoisseurs, I think, that his work nowadays is not as good as his earlier work. As a young man he appears to have had considerable genius, but—I have it from someone who knew him very intimately—he was always strange in his manner. He seems to have had a kink somewhere, as so often happens with genius, not of insanity, exactly, but of a strangeness, shall we say? He was neurotic, and therefore one cannot judge him by ordinary standards. He believed in the devil—Lucifer, Mephistopheles, what you will—as a power in men's lives; he believed in him as a living entity, as other men believe in God. He married a young girl who loved him very much, but they were not temperamentally suited, and after his marriage he appears to have become more neurotic than ever. He terrified his young wife by going out one night into a violent summer thunderstorm. He returned in the early morning, wild and dishevelled, and announced that the devil had appeared to him, and that they had struck a bargain."

"He had been reading Goethe," said Gilbert cryptically.

"But Faust wanted power," said the old man; "this sculptor wanted success—the success of his dreams. Up till that time his work was unknown. By his contract with the devil, he was to make a mask of the most beautiful thing he knew, and neither to give it away nor to sell it, but to leave it hanging in his house, the property of his patron, Lucifer. He told his wife that he would therefore make a mask of his own soul, for the soul of genius, he contended, was surely the most beautiful thing in the world. So he set to work; he shut himself up in his studio and worked feverishly, and would allow no one to come near him; and he would not even permit his wife to see the completed work until he had had it cast in bronze. Then he called her into his studio and showed her—and it was a mask of the devil! This mask which you see here! His young wife was naturally horrified, for he had told her that he had made the most beautiful thing in the world, and he kept crying to her, Was it not

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(Continued on page 584)

The Younger Generation

JOHN, VISCOUNT GREY DE WILTON

CAROL, DAUGHTER OF H. MACMILLAN, ESQ.

NANCY, DAUGHTER OF THE HON. OLIVER BRETT

Three of Mr. Edmond Brock's charming studies of children. An exhibition of his portraits is being held at the Alpine Club Gallery, and will be open until June 30th

beautiful? And it was a mask of the devil, with fangs and horns and satanic eyes, as you see here. When his wife protested that it was not beautiful, that it was nothing but a hideous mask of the devil, he flew into a rage and shut her out of the studio, and from that day his attitude towards her changed. They had never been temperamentally suited to each other, for whilst she was a normal woman he was, as I have said, neurotic; but she mothered him and he had loved her in his way. But now he treated her cruelly; he would fly into a rage over the slightest thing and perform all manner of minor cruelties. It was as though he delighted to make her, and any other living thing with which he came into contact, suffer. He worked feverishly, and won success and money, and the reputation upon which he is now living. Outwardly he was not so neurotic; he became gay and amusing, but the hardness of his nature in public was sheer cruelty in private; it was as though his soul had entered into the mask he had made for the devil, as though the mask was a crystallisation of his soul, do you see? It hung there in his studio grinning down upon him as he worked, and sometimes his wife would surprise him standing close up to it looking into his eyes, as though communing with it.

"It got on the girl's nerves to such an extent that at last she stole it from the studio and brought it here to me, imploring me to buy it. She told me this story and that she had pretended to her husband to know nothing about the disappearance of the mask. He thought at first that it had been stolen, then he persuaded himself that the devil had taken away his own. She encouraged him to believe that, I learned, but curiously his interest in the thing seemed to have expired. He had his reputation, and he continued to work, but his work seemed to become unimaginative, commonplace, after the mask had left his studio, and the savagery went out of his nature, and he became more normal. He and his wife went to Italy shortly after she brought the mask to me, and when I last heard of them she wrote that they were more nearly happy than they had ever been, though her husband was doing practically no work. As a sculptor he is done—but what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul! He has got his soul back again, I think, and this mask is now nothing but a dead thing of bronze. . . . That is the story of the mask."

The old man laid the mask down on the counter amongst a heterogeneous collection of second-hand books, jewellery and antiques, and rose.

"You wanted that copy of 'Candide,' you said?"

Gilbert did not answer. He had taken up the mask into his hands again, and was looking thoughtfully into the glittering eyes. Curiously alive, those eyes; hard to believe that they were cold bronze. . . .

"I'll take it," he said recklessly, feeling in his pocket for the money. Not, of course, that he believed the story of it being the mask of its maker's soul, but still . . . there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy . . . and there was no denying the fascination of the mocking, grinning thing. . . .

When Gilbert had left the shop, the mask wrapped up in paper under his arm, the copy of "Candide" thrust into his pocket, the old dealer shuffled back into the little room behind the shop; he sank down into the nearest sagging armchair and wiped his forehead with a red and yellow silk handkerchief with a gesture of weariness, and looked at his wife, who was laying the table for the mid-day meal.

He said: "Well, Maria, I've got rid of that mask of Old Nick at last—at a fair price, too! I thought it was going to be a white elephant on my hands for the rest of my days!"

"But how did you manage it?" There was delighted surprise in the old woman's voice.

The old man chuckled. "Sold it to a young man—with a suitable story. I've a good mind to send to that place in Birmingham for another half-dozen!"

P. and A.

FORMING FOURS!

Four energetic naiads on the banks of the Hudson River, New York City, who appear to be "all on tiptoe" over their new dance. Though this river is famed from olden times for its fur trade, the ladies shown in the photograph, who are Fokine dancers, prove that in the summer, at any rate, there is no need for fur coats.

Getting Fed Up!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Do we quite realise and appreciate the labours endured by our seaside landladies to procure us those little delicacies for lunch? Take cod and oyster sauce, for example!

Riverside Days and Nights

by E. P. Leigh Bennett Illustrations by M. MacMichael

MURRAY'S RIVER CLUB AT MAIDENHEAD

THE river is not what it used to be. It is gayer. Several things are responsible for this. The riverside "club" (inverted commas very necessary) is one. The mechanically propelled boat is another. The party spirit, which is becoming a definite trait in the Londoner's character, is a third. All these three attractions are very insidious and delightful—and tiring. Does anyone go "on the river" for a rest nowadays? The quiet river week-end we used to hear so much about—when does it take place, where?

I have just come back from a typical river week-end at Bray. Events befell me somewhat thus and thus. Gordon said to me at the Florida, at an hour during the Friday night when matters in that delicious place were at their brightest and best, "Look here, ol' man, we *must* make a start by twelve sharp to-morrow (he meant to-day, of course!), not a minute later." So he called for me at 1.10—for he is of those who stand not upon the order of their coming or going.

Rushing along the Bath Road in his new and very provocative coupé he assured me we were going to have a really quiet time—"there will be nobody there." . . . The Rabbit Warren is one of those charming houses on the banks of the river wherein you do exactly as the spirits move you. The guests, viewed by dispassionate and thirsty people from passing boats, are invariably standing or sitting about with a glass of something clenched in the right, or "cheerio," hand.

It transpired, during some heavy betting tennis towards tea-time, that yet another riverside club was opening new doors that Saturday night. So the cars were marshalled after an uproarious dinner, and under a leering moon we pilgrimaged from Bray to Hampton Court

AN IMPRESSION OF PALM BEACH

to pass judgment upon it. Palm Beach, they call it: and some thousands of tons of sand from a quiet sea shore have been imported to lend colour to this illusion. The only thing symbolic of a beach here is the effect produced by the outside dance floor. For you must understand that at Tagg's Island nowanights everything is on a grandiose scale. People are not content with one huge dance floor. They must have two. So when you are bored with dancing under the high roof of the ornate ballroom you mount the dais, where the band is blaring, and just calmly walk through the instrumentalists (I suppose that *is* the correct word?) and disappear with your Lovely into a nebulous background, there to find another parquet of sorts on the lawn. Here you dance, straining your ears to the distant melody, and her to your manly bosom, and carry on the good work. The effect of the moving feet is of an incoming tide swishing over the pebbles of the shore, very alluring—to the unattached onlooker. I have never been to the real Palm Beach, not being a millionaire, but if they have turned Tagg's Island into even a faint resemblance of it (and I have no doubt zat is so), I can now understand why the Americans contend they have left us far behind in matters of intensive amusements and orgies of highly organised gaieties.

Sunday morning on the river, when the young leaves are still green and the sun shines out of a sky of brass, and the flowers on

(*Continued on page 591*)

BY STAN TERRY

THE TANNERY

WHERE LAKE AND M

The hour of the *apéritif* on Lac Léman, where Switzerland's "Riviera

MOUNTAIN MEET

BY BLAM

" lies beneath the snow-capped peaks of the mountains of Savoy

Pretty Obvious!

BY THORPE

HE: "I'm a great believer in keeping to the pretty"

THE HOTEL DE PARIS AT BRAY

the river lawns are fresh and vivid, is a very fascinating time, typically, inimitably English. The sheen of the placid water, a glint of pale lemon scull, the colours of the Lovelies' frocks, the gaily caparisoned electric canoe sliding by—the white flannels of the men, the very opposites of the women. You sit, glass in hand, on the Warren lawn and say, "Thank God I am an Englishman, and here." But you are not there long. The party spirit is now predominant. You move on, in the Rabbit launch, a very fast one, buried in a surf of mauve cushions, while other people are buried in a surf of your passing—and you pay calls.

There are some people you know staying at the Hotel de Paris, that admirably conducted place maintained by Humphries and Poulsen—two men who know their difficult jobs better than most, and are more popular than most in consequence. It is a great moment, that of your entry to the Café de Paris (which people *will* persist in calling it, because it is merely the country annexe of the famous Coventry Street dance place under the same management). "Rabbit II," all cream, and mauve, and glittering mahogany, places you alongside their delicious lawn, and mere motorists from town gaze enviously at you from the shade of the huge coloured umbrellas.

Lunch here is *some* lunch. And after, there is tennis in their old-world garden, flanked with the rich red of Elizabethan brick walls, on two hard courts of extreme excellence. At night here, after dinner in their new winter garden restaurant actually in the garden, you can dance within or without. If without, it is on a specially prepared floor laid round an immense walnut tree, in whose branches a hundred fairy lamps wink knowingly. And there is an island opposite, entirely surrounded by water, so that the other fellow is at pains to come and find her—and here you get temporarily lost, or nearly so. It is all very wonderful: at least, so she says!

Some people prefer to go up-stream at night, on the principle presumably of "the higher the fewer." And then there is "Murray's."

You can't pass Murray's River Club. You don't want to; at least, she doesn't. This is dancing as in London, in a Japanese room with a lovely blue ceiling and *piquante* pink lamps to a very good band indeed. Dance floors of glass being now *le dernier cri*, because of the huge success of "Florida" in London, they must needs have a glass floor on the lawn at Murray's. It is not such a good floor as Florida's, but it is good enough for all ordinary folk. The effect from the river of this brilliantly lit floor with the moving forms upon it under the canopy of the stars is an arresting spectacle.

Let your punt drift down stream from Boulter's, and suddenly you hear the distant dither of the jazz *chez* Murray's. Your middle distance is the ghostly æon-old Maidenhead bridge, a steel grey bar across the twinkling waters. To your left the subdued lights from Skindles. To your right, Jack May's sloping lawn. Naughty little red lamps are let into the turf on the water's very edge. Ten thousand other lamps blazon the trees and hang in festoons from branch to branch. In the high background the ballroom, and late diners silhouetted on the verandah; a splash of white shirt front, the white glimmer of a woman's raised arm. And a band crooning, "I want to do what you *do*; go where you *go*; love when you *love*; an' I'll be happee. . . ."

There is, of course, another place, much higher up this disturbing stream of Thames. They call it Phyllis Court—I wonder after whom? Here you are inflexibly "county" and aloof and terribly particular with whom you associate. Phyllis Court is the *real* river club, and has been for years—long before the jazz jumbled up the affairs of men and women. Here you are *chez soi* (if elected) in a rambling old country house, with a particularly lovely old lawn, walled up in grey stone from the encroaching waters.

A week-end at Phyllis Court, with its ballroom and tennis courts and West End club-like appointments, and its peace, is not a week-end easily forgotten. Moreover, if you are privileged to see Henley Regatta from beneath the shade of Phyllis's great trees you will never forget it.

And so, you see, that is what Gordon's idea is of a quiet week-end. We visited all these places—and more. But everybody is doing it, so what does it matter? My only consolation is that they are not all doing it at the Rabbit Warren—because I *must* go there again, and do it all again, tired as I am. For such is the lure of river days and nights, and the people who entertain upon its verdant banks—or some of them, anyway.

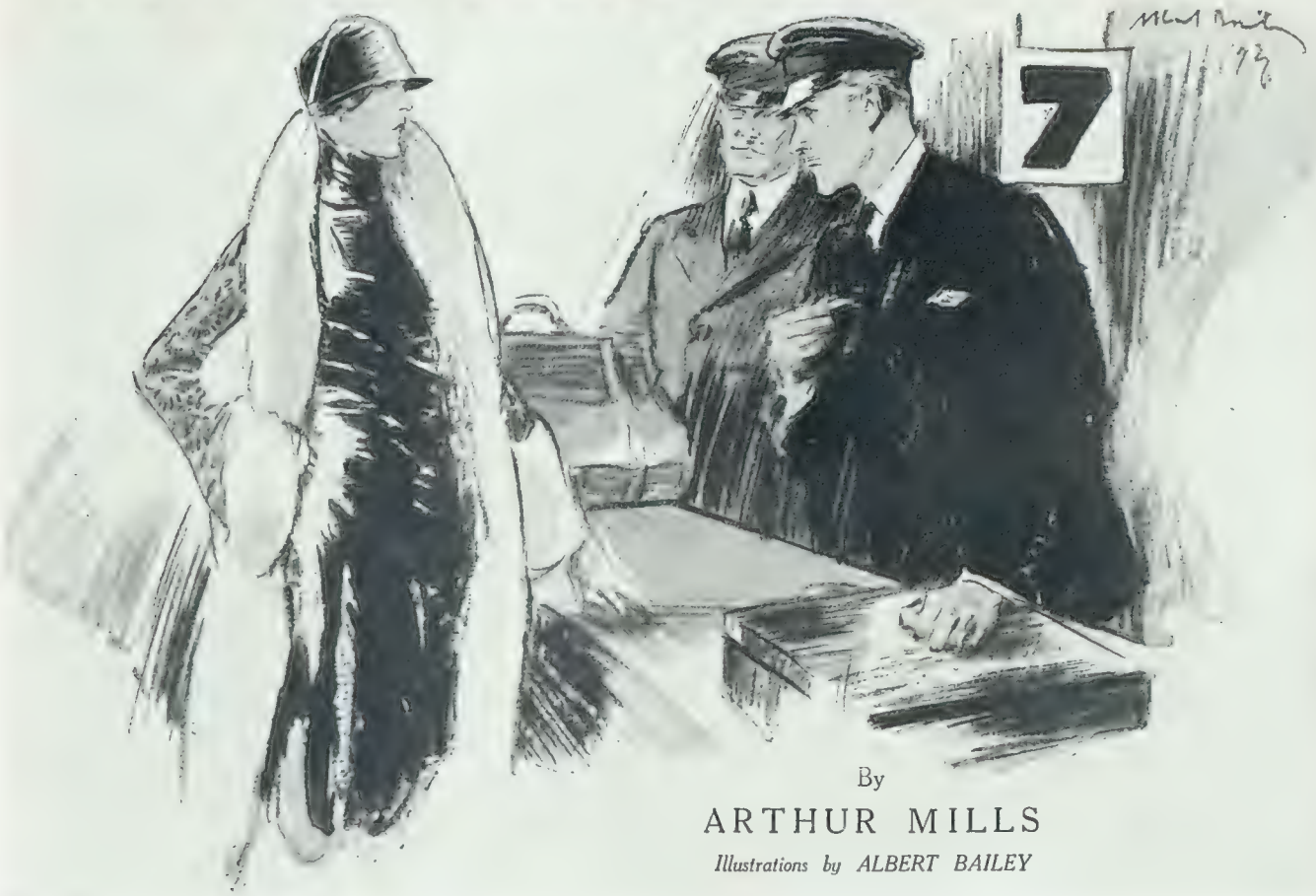
THE FAMOUS PHYLLIS COURT

The Winner

BY RICK ELMES

The Joneses show their best form at the seaside

HER KNIGHT INCOGNITO



By
ARTHUR MILLS
Illustrations by ALBERT BAILEY

"ANYTHING to declare, Madame?" the custom officer asked, a piece of chalk poised in his hand.

Lady Leila shook her head. The customs people knew her well. She crossed to Paris once a fortnight in connection with her shop in Hanover Square. Occasionally they opened her bag and examined it perfunctorily, but as a rule she never had any trouble, especially when they saw, as now, that she was in a hurry.

The official had just begun to trace his chalk mark on the bag when an inspector touched his shoulder and said something in an undertone.

The customs man rubbed out the chalk mark; the inspector said to Lady Leila:

"Will you open it, please?"

An expression of irritation passed over her face; she fumbled for her keys. She looked in her purse, both side pockets, and back in her purse again.

"Do you know, I believe I've left my keys behind."

The inspector looked at her stonily.

"Can't you find them anywhere?" he enquired.

"No, I remember now I had rather a scramble for the train, and I am practically certain I left them on my dressing-table."

The inspector clicked his tongue against his cheek. "That's a pity," he said, regarding the beautiful workmanship of the dressing-bag. "What would you like us to do?"

Lady Leila smiled more ingratiatingly still.

"Well, if you would trust me," she said. "I promise on my honour there is nothing in the bag."

The two officials looked at each other.

"Lady Leila"

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Lady Leila saw the inspector shake his head.

"Well, if that bag is spoiled breaking it open someone will have to pay for it, that's all. I have told you there is nothing in it."

"Of course, Madame, if you care to go on without your bag, and send us the keys ——."

"I can't do that. I have got all the things I want for the night in there."

The customs official and the inspector looked at one another; the customs official was perplexed. He knew Lady Leila by sight quite well, and genuinely regretted that the presence of a "flying inspector from London should be putting her to all this inconvenience. It was really most unfortunate for her that a "flying" inspector should have come along just as he was doing her baggage.

"Well?" said the inspector.

Lady Leila looked at the man helplessly.

"I am completely in your hands."

The inspector examined the locks. They were extremely well-fitted locks, as nearly burglar-proof as human nature could make them.

"It will take us some time to break these open."

Lady Leila betrayed her first sign of discomposure

"You are not going to do that?"

"It is that or your leaving the bag behind, Madame."

She looked wildly round and saw, standing just by her, a young man in an Inverness cape. He smiled sympathetically, showing two idiotic rows of teeth. She could cheerfully have hit him.

"There are other people waiting, Madame," said the inspector.

Lady Leila looked at her wrist watch, bit her pretty red lip, thought a moment, and appeared to make up her mind.

"When you have quite finished with my nightdress perhaps you will fold it up again"

The man took no notice of her, plunging his hand still further into the bag.

There was an ominous glint in Lady Leila's eyes; she had had her luggage examined before, but never ransacked in this fashion. Someone should pay dearly for this. The inspector gave an exclamation. Withdrawing his hand he held out a small paper packet.

"What's this?" he enquired.

"The Inspector was pouring some white powder into his hand"

"Very well, then, break it open."

The inspector tested the lock with his hands, pulled a clasp knife from his pocket, and inserted it under the flap of the lock. Applying all his force he tried to wrench the lock open. The lock would not yield.

The customs official came to his help, putting his weight on the bag to hold it to the counter. Both men threw all their strength into the effort. Once the knife slipped, cruelly scarring the soft morocco leather.

Lady Leila watched; now that she had made up her mind to have her bag ruined there was something rather splendid in her composure.

Suddenly the lock creaked and flew open with a snap. The inspector lifted the lid, and plunged his hand among the flimsy treasures.

He picked up, and shook out, a garment of pale pink *crêpe de Chine,* so delicate and gauzy that it hardly seemed made of earthly material. For a moment he looked at it wonderingly.

Lady Leila's pretty eyebrows drew into a frown. "I really couldn't tell you. I bought several things in Paris; it is face powder, I think. *What are you doing? I have told you I have nothing to declare.*"

There was a note of alarm in her voice.

The inspector had taken a corner of the package between his finger and thumb

"Don't tear the paper; you'll spill the stuff all over the bag and spoil everything I've got."

The warning was too late. The inspector had torn the paper, and now was pouring some fine white powder into a cup formed by the palm of his hand. Very cautiously he bent his head and smelt the powder. Then he looked up.

"*Cocaine!*"

Lady Leila stared at him blankly.

"What are you talking about?"

Unnoticed, the man in the Inverness cape took a step nearer; he was now only a couple of feet from the dressing-bag.

The inspector looked grave.

"I am afraid I must ask you to give me your name."

Lady Leila handed the inspector her card.

"And also I must ask you to come with me to the police office." The inspector carefully replaced the package in her dressing-bag as he had found it.

"Look out, Sir!"

The man in the Inverness cape, jumping aside to avoid a fast-driven motor luggage trolley, fell against the inspector as he bent over the bag.

"Sorry! A fellow nearly ran me down. I say, can I have my luggage done? The boat train will be going in ten minutes," said the young man.

"Certainly, sir, which is it?" The customs official took up his chalk.

"There you are, those two." The young man threw his keys on the counter.

He turned to Lady Leila, and raised his hat. Again he smiled his ridiculous, matinée-idol smile.

"Excuse me, but won't you let me stay and see you through this?"

In the minute that had passed Lady Leila had got her situation figured out pretty clearly.

To-morrow's papers would provide London with the biggest scandal for the last ten years.

"If you will let me, I should like to stay with you," he repeated.

She hesitated. Her pride argued against allowing a complete stranger to mix himself up in her affairs. Police station! The words sent a shudder all down inside her. She could see the cocaine being produced; see herself alone confronting the superintendent.

The young man turned to the official.

"I shall come with this lady to the police station; we are ready to go now."

* * * *

They arrived at the station. A plump policeman with a double chin blinked at the party as they entered. The customs inspector asked to see the superintendent of the station.

The policeman said that the latter had gone home for tea; if they would wait five minutes he would fetch him.

The party waited. Lady Leila's bearing was the embodiment of outraged dignity.

(Continued on page 596)

A Fine Perch!

Photo by Sidney H. Nicholls

This delightful photograph was taken near Greenford, only eight miles from Marble Arch! There are few who could refrain from envying this young lady, who is obviously an admirer of Izaak Walton, amid such peaceful surroundings

Presently the police superintendent appeared.

Taking a pen in his hand he looked keenly at Lady Leila

"It is my duty to warn you that anything you may say may be used as evidence against you."

He turned to the customs official.

"You state?"

"This afternoon I was on duty as extra customs inspector for the 4.30 boat. Among the passengers was this woman. I required her to open her dressing bag, which she was unable to do, as she had no keys. I thereupon broke open the bag, and on searching through the contents found a packet of cocaine. I replaced the packet, just where it had lain, closed the bag, and brought it along to the station."

The police superintendent called to the constable.

"Open that bag."

The constable did so, and the superintendent put his hand in. Guided by the customs official he found the package, which he extracted and laid on the table.

"Do you deny that this was found in your possession?" the superintendent asked Lady Leila.

"No, I do not deny that; but I did not put it there." Lady Leila spoke a little defiantly.

"Admits cocaine found in her possession, but denies all knowledge of how it came there," muttered the superintendent, scribbling away. He looked up. "I am afraid I shall have to detain you."

For the first time a little colour left Lady Leila's cheeks.

"But surely I . . . I . . can have bail?"

The superintendent shook his head: "My orders are explicit."

"Excuse me," the young man in the Inverness cape stepped forward: "Do I understand you have taken this lady into custody?"

The superintendent looked at him sharply, as much as to imply he was lucky not to be under arrest himself

"Yes."

"May I ask on what charge?"

"Being in unlawful possession of cocaine."

"How do you know that is cocaine?" asked the young man.

The superintendent looked at the customs official, who smiled and said: "I had one sniff; there is enough cocaine there to kill fifty men; smell it yourself."

The superintendent took up the packet and smelt cautiously; he put his nose nearer and smelt again.

"She got to her feet, her face was white with rage"

"Can't smell anything, got a bit of a cold."

The customs official took the packet from him, poured some powder in his hand, and sniffed; he poured some more in and sniffed again; a puzzled expression came over his face.

"That's not cocaine," said the young man. "I can see it isn't from here."

The customs man glared at him.

"I've been on the job three years, and never made a mistake yet."

"Until to-day," retorted the young man.

The police superintendent began to look uncomfortable.

To arrest a well-known society beauty on a proved charge of smuggling dope would have been a great coup; to arrest her on a false charge might mean his ruin.

"Run across and ask Dr. James if he'll be good enough to step across," said the superintendent to the police orderly.

Dr. James came over; the matter at issue was put to him. He examined the contents of the packet, smelt it, and put a little on his tongue.

"This is not cocaine," he said, "this is tooth powder mixed with fine pumice stone."

"But!" exclaimed Lady Leila, "I haven't any tooth-powder. I use——"

The young man in the Inverness cape cut her short.

"The second train goes in five minutes; if we run we can just catch it." He turned to the Customs official: "I think the least you can do is to come with us, and see that this lady gets a compartment to herself after her unpleasant experience."

* * *

They managed to jump into a carriage just as the train was leaving.

Lady Leila lit a cigarette. The young man saw that her hand shook.

"Let me try and find your maid for you," he suggested.

"Marie went on by the first section, I know; I told her not to wait for me if I missed it. What a horrible experience!" Lady Leila shuddered. "I . . . I still don't understand."

"What is it puzzles you?"

"The . . the tooth powder. I've never bought any in my life. I—I use paste."

"Yes, you were going to say so, when I stopped you in the station. May I see it again—the tooth powder."

She opened her bag.

After a little search she produced the package and handed it to the young man.

He took it, smiling to himself.

"The only possible explanation," said Lady Leila, "is that Marie bought the tooth powder for herself, and put it in my bag. I've told her not to do that sort of thing before."

"Marie?" he echoed.

"Yes, my maid; she was with me on the boat. I never move a yard without her anywhere. Fancy that fool of a customs man thinking it was cocaine."

(Continued on page 598)

Dip-lomatic!

BY STAN TERRY

GIRL: "I want a bathing costume, please."
SHOPWALKER: "Certainly, madam. Similar to the one you have on?"

Lady Leila laughed, then her expression hardened. "Most insulting, I call it."

He looked at her quizzically.

"Your maid did not put that tooth powder there."

"How do you know?"

"Because I put it there myself. I could prove that to you easily if you cared to write to the chemist. It is a special kind I get made up in Paris with finely powdered pumice stone. I hate tobacco-stained teeth, don't you?"

"*You put it there*; how could you have? I've had the bag all the time."

"Not all the time; the Customs people had it for a bit, you know."

"Yes, but . . ." she wrinkled her forehead, then looked at him very straight, "my bag was locked until the Customs people got it; was it you stole my keys?"

He laughed. "No, not me."

"Then how could you open the bag to put the stuff inside?"

She was convinced now he was lying to her, and was puzzling to find out why.

"I waited till the customs people had opened it. Then—you remember when that trolley came along, and I jumped aside and fell over the counter? I put it in then."

"But . . ." an uneasy look came into Lady Leila's eyes—"that was after they had found the . . . the tooth powder."

"Well, shall we say after they had found the cocaine." He felt in a packet inside his cape. "Here it is, lucky I had a similar packet of a more harmless mixture, wasn't it, and a little presence of mind."

"There was cocaine in my bag after all!" she exclaimed, every line of her face expressing her horror.

"Most certainly there was."

"And you changed the cocaine for the tooth powder, and came with me to the police station with the cocaine in your pocket."

He nodded.

"If they had searched you, they'd have found the cocaine in your possession."

"That's about what would have happened."

"And you'd have had to go to prison."

"Well, I didn't want you to go, anyhow; the country can't afford to lose sight of its most beautiful possessions."

"Why did you do this for me?"

"I've explained—patriotism."

His manner was half jesting, but his eyes were not. She could feel their intent look burning into her face, devouring every detail of her. Like every beautiful woman, she was conscious of having lovers who were unknown to her. Perhaps this young man was one of these.

"It was extraordinarily good of you," she said. "I don't know how to thank you for it."

"There is one little thing I shall be grateful for"; he held up the packet in his hand, "may I throw this out of the window?"

Immediately he had spoken he felt her attitude towards him undergo a change. Her eyes grew hard. She looked at him, through him, round the back of his neck.

"You may do what you like with it," she said. "You don't think its *mine*, do you?"

"I . . . I . . . am sorry, but under the circumstances"—he began.

She got to her feet, her face was white with rage.

"As you think I am that sort of person, no doubt it will be more agreeable for you if I go into the next compartment. No, please stay where you are." She went out into the corridor.

They had no further conversation until the train reached Victoria. Then, as the train steamed into the station, he saw her standing in the corridor peering out, looking for her maid.

"Marie! Marie!" she called, as she caught sight of the girl standing under a lamp.

The maid came running forward, climbed into the carriage, and busied herself collecting her mistress's things.

"Madame forgot her keys," she said, taking the missing keys from her pocket. She opened the dressing bag and put inside a book and a scarf which Lady Leila had left lying on the seat.

Lady Leila was just going to leave the train when her eyes lit on the young man sitting in the corner, hunched up in his cape. He looked utterly dejected. After all he had done his best. Her heart softened.

"Thank you very much," she said.

"Not at all." The young man gathered his cloak more closely round him.

Giving him a farewell nod, Lady Leila started down the platform, her maid following. She had just given up her ticket when a cry made her turn round.

There stood Marie, struggling and talking excitedly, a policeman holding one arm, and the stranger in the Inverness cape the other.

Lady Leila hurried back. The young man in the cape, leaving the maid to the policeman, came forward to meet her.

"Come with me to the waiting-room a minute, please."

He spoke in quite a different voice now, the voice of authority. There was something in his manner that made her obey unquestioningly.

"Your maid has just been caught in the act of passing cocaine to a third party."

"Marie! my maid; by whom?"

"By me," said the young man quietly. "As you know, that stuff they first found in your bag was cocaine, but by the time you got to the police station it was tooth powder. Then, when you went out into the corridor in the train, I changed it back, see."

"Changed!" she echoed.

"Yes, the cocaine and the tooth powder, to find out who would handle it the other end."

"Indeed!" said Lady Leila.

"Yes," continued the stranger calmly, ignoring Lady Leila's icy stare. "I knew one of you had been running dope into the country for the last two months, but was not sure which. The result of my afternoon's investigations has been to prove to my own satisfaction that your maid is guilty. She must have run pounds of the stuff through in your luggage, her idea being that if anything was found the blame would attach to you, and she would get the profits without having the risk. She seems to have taken care of the keys of the piece of luggage she was using. Ingenious of her, I must say. But I am extremely sorry you should have had such an unpleasant experience."

Lady Leila ignored the offer of sympathy.

"May I ask," she enquired, and her manner was like the East wind blowing across the Arctic, "why you took all this trouble?"

"Because it happened to be my job," answered one of the cleverest plain clothes detectives in London. A. M.

We are informed that a book of tennis songs is shortly to be published by an anonymous author. He might just as well call himself "Lawn Tennyson."

. . . . . .

A Socialist orator recently declared that his class had "no use for the national anthem." We have noticed their strong disinclination to stand for it.

. . . . . .

Though Niagara may not equal the Victoria Falls in grandeur, it is a little unfair to call it "merely a profuse perspiration."

. . . . . .

Overheard on a 'bus going up Shooters Hill: "I say, this is the hill of a climb."

. . . . . .

The wag who defined a modern grandmother as three score and tennis probably had to stand the racket at home.

Hartley Carrick.

America Wins the Day at Muirfield

A SURPRISE RESULT

Bobby Jones, the American amateur champion (left), shaking hands with A. Jamieson, junr., who beat him in the sixth round. Jamieson won by four and three

Photographs

AFTER THE VICTORY

A. F. Simpson, the runner-up congratulating the young American player, Jesse Sweetser, who beat him in the final of the Amateur Golf Championship at Muirfield. Sweetser won easily by six and five

Topical

THE WINNING SMILE

Jesse Sweetser, the new amateur champion, receiving the cup from Mr. Stier Gillon the captain of Muirfield, after his victory. Sweetser is the first American to win the championship for twenty-two years

Summer Fashions

A black Bangkok crown, with beige velvet brim, by Maria et Andrée

A cream Bengal straw, by Camille Roger. It is trimmed with green ribbon velvet and a fancy feather mount

A smart fawn close-fitting hat, by Helene Corbett. It gives a particularly neat appearance to the head

IF you have not been in Paris since last summer, and supposing you were suddenly wafted over into the fresh garden of Armenonville, the favourite haunt of the most fashionable Parisian ladies, you would surely be struck by one thing in particular—the fashion is again made feminine.

JUST think that but one year ago only sober and somewhat plain, checked, striped frock-coats were to be seen—the same checks and stripes that were adorning men's dress! Just think that grey and beige—the most neutral of all hues—were then the rage, and that the small felt-hat was reigning!

TO-DAY, light and soft shapes are prevailing; the brightest, the most delicate shades of a painter's palette are spread in the light summer air; the breeze, gently blowing among the trees, waves the ruches and frills, a most suitable accompaniment for fine features. Moreover, numerous hats of ribbon, exquisitely feminine, are born; and with them, hats of knitted straw, of bangkok, all light, bright, charming. Indeed, the Parisian fashion is becoming more and more feminine, and it is a blessing—a blessing for us women, who, on being made masculine-looking, were losing our most obvious gracefulness; and also a blessing for you gentlemen, who so strongly desire we should preserve the frail, tender appearance which Heaven bestowed upon us. . . .

I ADMIT that the sport-gown keeps up a rather strict line; but its colouring atones for the formality of its cut. At Deauville we shall see only delightful youthful tints: white, *cendre de roses*, periwinkle-blue, almond green, and a certain flaming yellow gold!

I ALSO admit that the morning tailor-made dress is still severe looking, and that for the "Bois" and the town the "smoking" is even thought of. But this same "smoking," which is the topic of the hour, is seldom worn by women; they are right not to trust its narrow lapels, and those who have adopted it never fail to conceal its masculine neck-collar under a thick fox-fur, or a soft scarf; or, between the lapels, they throw up a lawn frill, a ruche of lace, a filmy something, typically feminine, and of a light colour. Thus is preserved the gracefulness of the *ensemble*.

IN imitation of the cut, the materials are made more feminine and lighter. The great favourite of last year, "kasha," of which every sport-gown and smart tailor-made dress was made, is more and more *à la mode*, on account of its softness and admirable suppleness. But it has given birth to a legion of off-springs which, in their turn, meet with every success. In order to create original sweaters and charming small gowns, "kasha," pierced in a thousand holes, has become "kashatulla." For the making up of light tailor dresses it has changed into "kashatoil." And everyone is crazy about "kashatoilajour," a real marvel.

Photographs *Henri Manuel*

An evening gown in cream soft satin, with gold trimming and embroidery. Modelled by Francis et Fernand

in Paris By GEORGETTE LÉVÊQUE

IF the materials of morning dresses and sport-gowns are light, how then shall we call those that will adorn the women at tea-parties and at concerts on the beach at Le Touquet and Deauville? We shall notice myriads of muslin creations; gowns of *crêpe,* lawn trimmed with open stitches, with thin folds, with fine embroidery. Sometimes three, even four, volants of muslin, diversely tinged, will be superposed. Sometimes the plain gown will be edged with a broad, many coloured band, decked with flowers, as is permitted by this wonderful material which is called *crêpe majunga arbres ciselés,* and seems to have been painted by a thin and genial brush.

Photographs *Henri Manuel*

A two-piece costume, by Francis et Fernand. It is of navy repp, embroidered in white

An attractive white crinoline model, by Helene Corbett. Though simple it gives an air of gracefulness to the wearer

A white straw model, trimmed with green and white ribbon velvet bands, by Camille Roger

A *bois de rose* crinoline model, by Camille Roger. This dainty hat has aigrette mounts at the side

OVER these aerial gowns will be thrown coats of *crepalga, tussor,* taffeta, even of muslin, rather ghosts of coats on account of their imponderability. Consequently, this summer must needs be generous in her warmth, our dressmakers have worked in view of real sunny days for which the ladies are impatiently waiting. How could the sun miss such an appointment? How could it give up the delight of shining on flowered *crêpes,* blue linens, striped with pink, all these delicious and youthful materials which embellish women and enhance life?

YET, all these delicate, beautiful creations are nothing when compared with the splendid attires which the Parisian dressmakers have reserved for the evening. A "baccarat" room will be, this summer, a dazzling place, swarming with *coquettes* in their spangled slips, adorned with shell and crystal, flashing and rustling like spring water. . . . There, again, chiffon will prevail, and also, in spite of the season, velvet and pan-velvet. Every evening cape is cut out of these two materials, wonderfully bright and supple, and tinged with those delicate colourings which the fashion favours, and which recall to mind the pretty pale tints of sugar-almonds. Some fur will warm their neck-collars, and more particularly fair fur, a light marten, or Asiatic fox.

JUST above, I was telling you that hats were losing their stiffness and weight. Yet the small felt hat is still to be seen: we were so fond of it that we gave it up with some difficulty. And yet it is slowly disappearing, like flared skirts and sandal-looking shoes! Do you remember the Parisian shoes of a few months ago? They were made of a combination of tiny thongs which showed the foot and deprived it of a support. Now our shoemakers have formed a more practical conception of the elegance of the shoe. The slashed shoe is replaced by the pump, less assuming, which does not prevent it from appearing in varied and tempting aspects. Now it is made of coloured satin, of mauve or red kid, now embroidered with flowers, now covered with *lamé,* and then studded with *strass.* Nor does it disdain to appeal for its decoration to a band of gold or silver; but, in its sober form, everything looks pretty and fitting.

HOLED IN ONE

By HERBERT ADAMS

Illustrations by CUNINGHAM

BREAM was in the chair. He had achieved one of the ambitions of every golfer—he had done a hole in a single shot. A fluke, of course, but it must have been a well-judged effort, and many men have lived excellent and otherwise successful lives without ever accomplishing the feat.

In accordance with ancient custom, Bream was receiving the congratulations of his friends and was offering them in return the opportunity of toasting his success. Never before had he realised how many friends he had, nor how quickly the glad news could fly around.

There were even those who were willing to toast him again and again, and in his sudden access of celebrity and the geniality induced by joining each and all of his friends in their libations, Bream was delighted that they should do so.

Naturally enough, the conversation ran on occasions when similar feats had been performed or witnessed. Many old yarns were trotted out. Someone told the story of the way-worn tramp who came to rest in the shade of some bushes beside a green. A ball struck his foot. Annoyed, he kicked it away and it trickled into the hole. A minute later two hot men climbed over the hill, and one of them, after looking vainly for his ball, asked the tramp if he had seen it.

"In the 'ole," said the weary one.

In the hole—could it be? The excited golfer dashed to the pin and found it there.

"I've holed in one! I've holed in one!!" he cried delightedly to his partner, and in his joy he gave the tramp half a crown.

Late that night in the village pub. a puzzled but very drunken tramp was heard to remark—

"Queer game that gollof. I made twenty-two bob this morning by droppin' blokes' balls in a little 'ole. No end pleased they was, too."

What the "blokes" thought about it when they compared notes in the club-house no one knows, but it was inevitable after that that someone should ask Murgatroyd if he had ever done a hole in one.

"I have done better," was his reply.

"How could you?" asked several.

"I did it in none. Holed my tee shot when I was receiving a stroke."

"What a pity you could not take a bisque as well," observed Evans.

"'Think I don't know my club?' Ernest said loudly"

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"Anyway," said Murgatroyd, "I once saw it happen in most remarkable circumstances."

"Tell us," we said. We did not always believe all he told us, but his yarns were generally worth hearing.

"Two actors were concerned," he began. "Don't think I dislike actors. As a class, I consider them every bit as worthy as bricklayers, though their function is less useful. I do rather hate the fuss that is made of them and the airs they give themselves, but I have met several who were quite pleasant fellows, especially when you got them alone. But the two I am thinking of were not of the better sort.

"One was a comedian. His name was Billie Buxton. He was a short, stoutish fellow, and those who suppose that a comedian is a wit would have been disillusioned if they had met Billie. On the stage he used to roll his eyes and make faces at the audience, and apparently they liked it. He was quick to adopt comic business, and if his author gave him some good lines he got through all right. Otherwise it was just the same old trick of falling over his feet and sitting on whatever could be relied on to give way under him. In bygone days no doubt he would have had a violently red nose and funny trousers with a vivid patch on the bend.

"The other fellow was Ernest Gulley. He was a serious person. He sang a little and had love parts to play. They said he hated Billie Buxton because when they were in the same company Billie used to fall into a foot-bath just when he was about to love the girl in the highest note in his compass. Anyway, he hated him like poison, and Billie was just as fond of Ernest.

"One day the trouble came to a head. They had both been out practising shots with mashies. They both put their mashies down inside the club-house. Someone had collared one of them, and both Ernest and Billie claimed the one that was left. They had a most awful row. Each was positive he was right and that the other was trying to score off him.

"Mashies are like babies, you generally know your own, but other peoples' look exactly alike. I rolled up

(*Continued on page 604*)

The Plunger!

BY D'EGVILLE

THE MAN WHO WANTED TO PUT SIXPENCE ON THE FAVOURITE

just as they seemed likely to come to blows. They each had a hold of it.

"'Think I don't know my club,' Ernest said loudly. 'I should know the feel of it in the dark. Besides, I always recognise it by that queer mark in the grain just below the handle.'

"'Rot!' retorted Billie rudely. 'You would find a dozen clubs with a mark like that—and claim the lot I suppose. I know it is mine by that dent in the back of the blade. I once hit a nail with it.'

"I tried to calm them down, but it was no easy matter. I suggested we should ask the club pro. if he could tell which of them he had made it for. We went to his shop, but he refused to express an opinion. About a year before they had each had a mashie and he could not possibly say whose this was.

"'After all,' he said, 'some gentleman has taken one by mistake. He will return it and then you'll both be all right.'

"'Not at all,' cried Billie Buxton. 'No other club would be the same to me. This is mine and I mean to have it.'

"'You never shall!' said Ernest Gulley. 'This just suits me and I am hanged if I will let another fellow walk off with it.'

"What about the judgment of Solomon?" I suggested. "Spencer (he was the pro.) had better fit a new shaft to the head, and a new head to the shaft, and so divide the precious thing—or you might toss for it.

"But they both refused my suggestion and eventually Gulley stuck to it. Buxton said if he expected to improve his rotten game by stealing another man's club he would discover his mistake. The other club was found there later in the afternoon, but they both refused to touch it, and the pro. took charge of it. They did not speak for months.

"About that time our Captain's prize competition was on, and after the usual knock-out rounds it happened that the two survivors to play the final were these two blessed actor fellows. Neither of them was really good. They each had a handicap of ten. A lot of better men had knocked one another out, and these two by good luck and, of course, by some good play, were left to fight the finish.

"Naturally everyone knew of their quarrel, and that made the position more exciting. When the day came they were still not on speaking terms, but they played a remarkably level match. It was to be thirty-six holes, and at lunch time, after the first eighteen, they were all square.

"In the afternoon a lot of us walked round to see the finish. Ernest Gulley took the lead by winning the first, Billie squared at the next. Then they halved nine holes. They were not playing well. People seldom do in a final, they are too nervous. Of course, actors are used to a gallery and that ought to have helped them, but their golf was indifferent. If one fluffed his drive the other invariably wasted a putt, and so it went on. Billie won the twelfth, but Ernest took the thirteenth, and they halved again to the end. So they were still all square!

"They carried him shoulder-high to the club-house"

"Now our rule in the event of a tie was to play three more holes, and then, if they were still even, three more, and so on. Everyone in the club was watching now, and these two chaps started round again. They were both pretty shaky. They halved the first in a ragged six. We all knew what they were feeling like and no one was surprised when they each again took six at the second—a pretty easy four.

"Then they came to the third. That is a short hole, about a hundred yards. It has a small green and is surrounded by murderous bunkers. The one in front of the green is at least five feet deep, faced with railway sleepers. So if you are short you may easily take several to get out.

"It was Ernest's honour. He tried to steady himself and he made a really wonderful shot. He hit the ball as clean as a whistle. It lofted beautifully with a little undercut. It pitched on the edge of the green, rolled about two yards, and came to rest six inches from the hole. A marvellous shot, a certain two, and everyone felt that it settled the match.

"'*I will have my mashie!*' It was Billie Buxton who said it, and there was such silence that we all heard it. He grabbed the mashie from Gulley's hand and dressed his ball. It seemed mad to play with a fresh club for that shot. I think he was mad, but Providence is sometimes kind to lunatics.

"His ball flew high in the air and only just cleared the bunker. But it had no undercut. It bounded forward, trickled on, rested for a moment against the pin, and sank in! Billie had won the match and the prize with a one. I have never heard such a shout as followed. Billie threw down the club and danced with joy. His pals came round and they carried him shoulder-high to the club-house.

"Poor Ernest strode back alone. Several people tried to speak to him, said it was hard luck, that his splendid shot deserved to have won, and so on, but he shook them off and went in by himself. While everyone else was carousing to celebrate Billie's victory he kept away sulking. But at last, perhaps half an hour afterwards, he walked right in. He had got that precious mashie in his hand, and he went straight up to his opponent.

"'Billie,' he said, 'I am sorrry. It is your mashie.'"

"Well, I think that was jolly decent of him," said Bream.

"Perhaps it was, but perhaps after all he only wanted to get back into the limelight."

"Why should you say that?"

"Because," said Murgatroyd, "it really was his club, and not Billie's."

"How do you know that?"

"It was I who took Billie's, and I knew it was Billie's. I had only borrowed it to compare it with one of my own. But I couldn't interfere with the only bit of real drama those lads had ever had, could I?"

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P. 380

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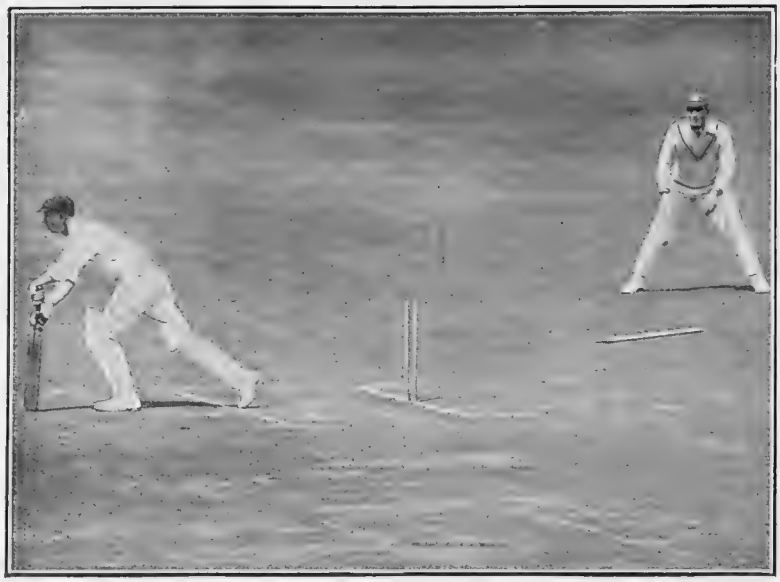
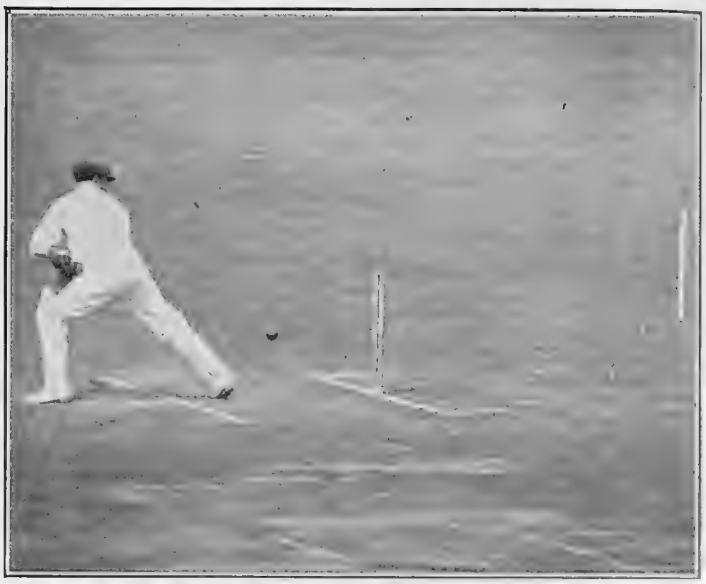


Sport and General

J. RYDER, BOWLED BY ALLEN FOR 22—



Sport and General

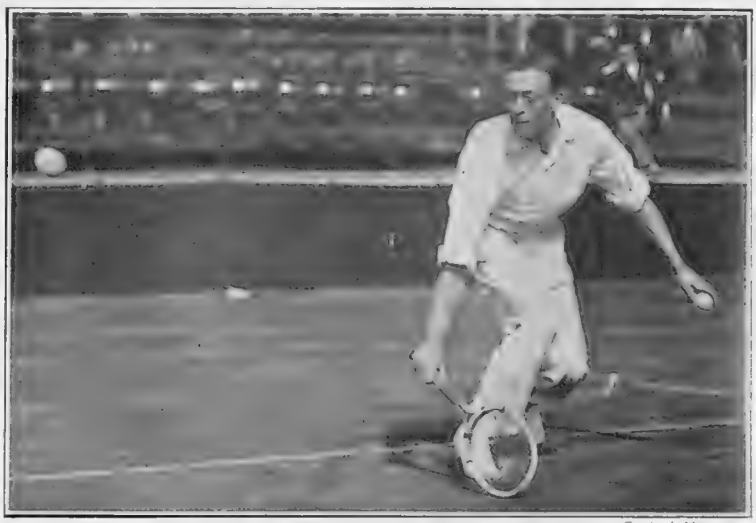
FOLLOWED BY W. A. OLDFIELD FOR 4

A pictorial record of G. O. Allen's remarkable bowling in the Middlesex v. Australians match, immediately after he had

Sport and General

CONGRATULATING THE WINNER

S. Ferris (R.A.F.) receiving the congratulations of Lord Lascelles after winning the Polytechnic Marathon from Windsor to London for the second year in succession. The course more than 26 miles long, is a severe test for runners



Central News

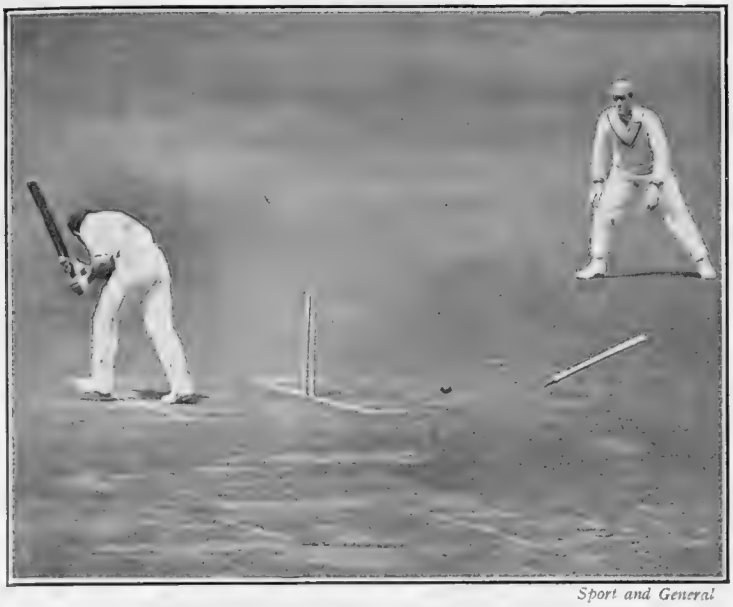
G. R. SHERWELL (S. AFRICA) TAKES A LOW ONE

Central News

S. MALMSTRÖM (SWEDEN) IN PLAY

Four of the players in the third round, between S. Africa and P. D. B. Spence, of S. Africa, beat O. Garell 6—4, 6—4, 8—6, match with G. R.

on Court and Pitch



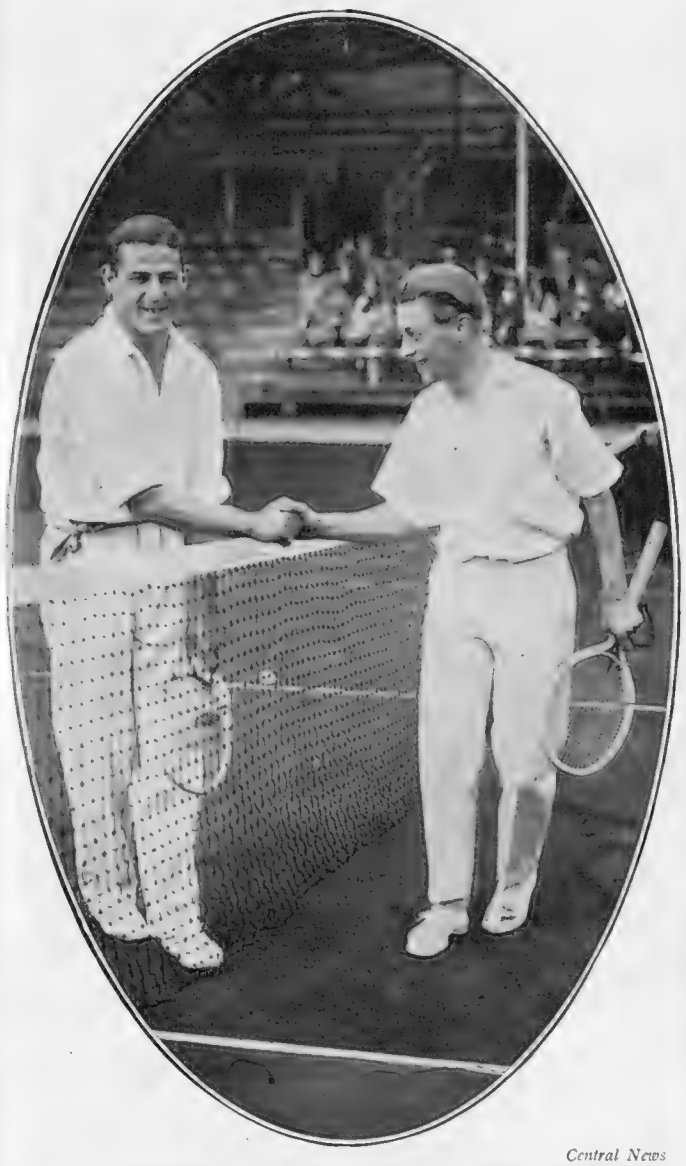
Sport and General

C. V. GRIMMETT WAS THEN DISMISSED FOR A DUCK—

Sport and General

AND THE NEXT BALL PUT OUT S. EVERETT BEFORE HE SCORED

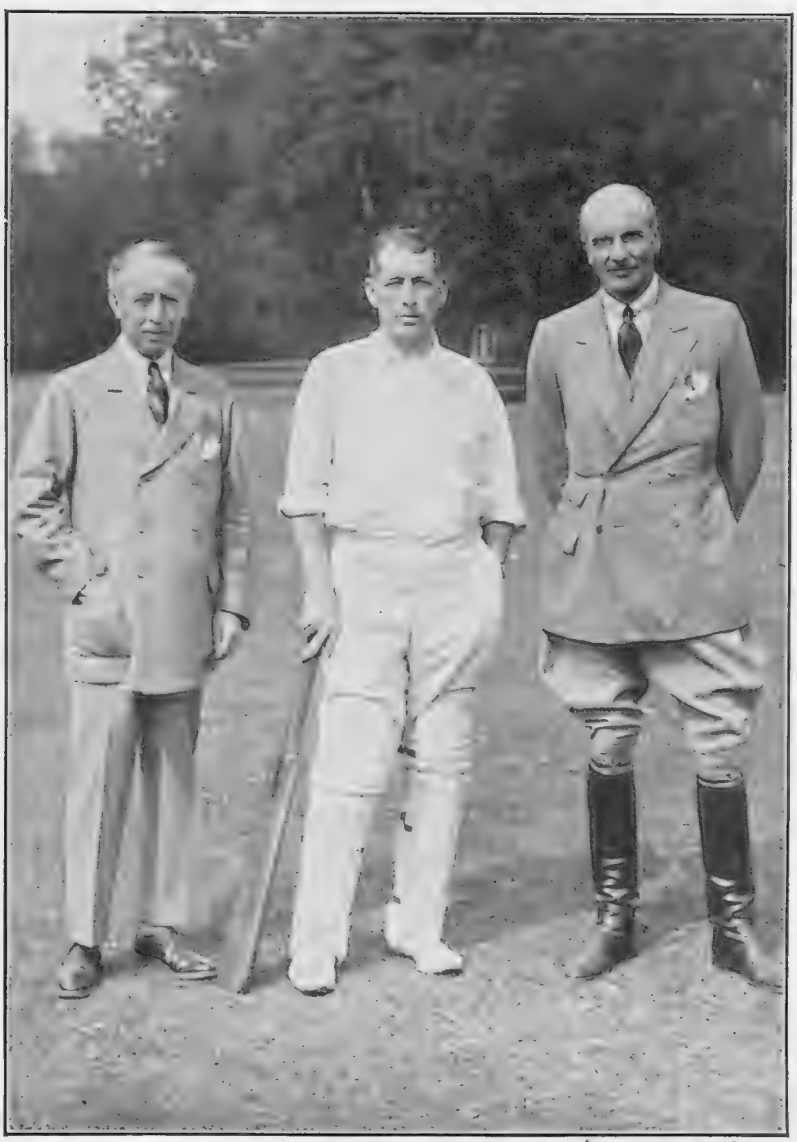
been selected to play for England against The Rest. He took the last five wickets—four clean bowled—for 29 runs.



Central News

P. D. B. SPENCE (S. AFRICA) AND O. GARELL (SWEDEN) AFTER THEIR MATCH

Sweden, of the Davis Cup tie at Melbury Club. On the first day and S. Malmstrom levelled matters for Sweden by winning his Sherwell 8—6, 6—3, 6—4



I.B.

A TRIO FROM DOWN UNDER

Clem Hill, the Australian cricketer, with two former Governors of South Australia, Sir Henry Galway (left) and Sir Archibald Weigall. The photograph was taken at the opening by Sir Archibald Weigall of a new cricket ground at Horncastle

Janet Jevons

FROM CANADA

Miss Peggy Murray, the well-known Canadian *diseuse*, whose French-Canadian dialect recitals have charmed audiences throughout Great Britain

FEMINA

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS"

By "CANDIDA"

"SAY it with flowers," says the florist person with an eye to the obvious and lots of convincing arguments in his window. And it's good advice. Flowers never say too much or too little. They've got all the beauty in the world and most of the tact. "Say it with flowers," and halve the trouble of having what manners it's still considered indispensable to have. Hence, you'll notice, the more civilised a city, the more it bristles with florists.

BUT that's not the real reason why we have shows and horticultural societies in London. Last week at the Flower Show one was almost speechless at the loveliness of it all. One revelled in a summer painted with a wealth of incredible colour produced by the first talent in the land. The best people were there, as usual, and most of the others too; the people who were born to wonderful gardens with emerald lawns and rose bowers (let, incidentally, to Americans and others who can still afford them), and the enthusiasts whose own hands had done the digging and the planting, who had watered the ground with their tears, so to speak, and had sunned it with high hopes and had fought, single-handed, with snails and caterpillars and things.

IT is always amusing to see them elbowing each other, the very *chic* person in the last word with a polite passion for pergolas and roses and the gardening enthusiast who's up once a year strictly on gardening business. She wears, for the occasion, the same flat-heeled shoes she's always worn, the same futile scarf of black lace, and the same dismal hat which sits uneasily on the top of a bun, or a pompadour, or something. Her appreciation of beauty falls short of the new cut of a frock and the right angle of a hat. I don't suppose she's even noticed that the rest of us aren't exactly wedded to her sort of skirt. One sees in the world mostly what one wants to see.

OF course it was a very good show. It always is. I could have written a poem on a beautiful rustic seat in a formal garden, where a fountain splashed lazily and goldfish swam in a clean, green pool, where tall lupin stood at attention in rows of purple and pink, and rhododendron lit up the corners with clusters of rosy red. But I wasn't alone; far from it, and there's nothing so discouraging to poetry as a crowd. One might as well compose in a 'bus, which is where some of our "latests" must get their inspiration if the result is anything to go by.

WHY do flowers always suggest the sort of thing one says only in verse? They seem more alive than most people. They can feel, that's evident; some of them hated being stared at, and showed it pretty plainly. And I'm sure that they can hear; I've read a lot about nightingales singing to roses, not perhaps to the beautifully sophisticated "Lady Wakefields," or the lovely flamboyant "Padrés," but to their humbler sisters with no titles, no pedigrees, and no public awards of merit. And, of course, they speak a language of their own, or did when one had time to listen. I have a book in an amusing flowered cover with funny little garlands round its capital letters, a book printed in 1850, or thereabouts, which tells you exactly what it ran you in for to send a bouquet to a lady, not of course in £ s. d., but in what it called sentiments. Pansies stood for thoughts, sometimes second thoughts, and were, I rather think, a doubtful compliment. Red roses meant love and all sorts of devoted things, and forget-me-nots gave away the show to the least imaginative. But it didn't throw any light on the origin of the language, nor did it condescend to reasons. Any comment there was reminded me of the *naïve* person who said *à propos* of a chart of the heavens: "Wasn't it clever of people to have discovered the names of the stars?"

MRS. GREAVES-LORD

Wife of Mr. W. Greaves-Lord, K.C., M.P. the Recorder of Manchester. She is the daughter of Sir Albert Stephenson, J.P., of Southport, and will be presented this season by Viscountess Cave

APPARENTLY one has always said it with flowers, though some of the newest specimens are as different from the old-fashioned sort as a sports frock is from a crinoline. "Lovelier every year" is the verdict at every show, because the best talent *noblesse-oblige*-ingly beats its own record every time with lovely orange roses and regal purple iris, or, as often as not, with orange iris and purple roses. These things do happen now that flowers are by way of becoming tame, domestic pets. But they haven't as yet tamed the orchids, those freaks of nature in an extravagant mood; insect-devouring things that they are, with the appetite of an ogre and complexions as sweety and innocently pink as a baby's.

WHEN all is said and done, I'm not sure that I don't prefer a large, fragrant, cabbage rose growing without any airs and graces in an unpretentious garden I know intimately, where flowers happen just as they have a mind to. The more we paint the lily, the less does it trouble to work for a living. The more perfect the flower, the less the scent, seems to be the rule, since it's been ordered somewhere that you can't delight more than one sense at a time.

IT doesn't matter very much that the new flowers are less scented than ever, because science steps in where nature fails. The new scents are independent of them. Are there any new scents, by the way? I discovered the other day that the opopanax beloved of our grandmothers is still pursuing a prosperous career under such names as "When the swallows come again," or, more expensively, "*Chéri dis moi à quoi tu penses?*" Anyway, those flower-scented delights in beautiful, expensive bottles have no connection with real flowers. Ask the chemists. One of them's just told me that my beloved "Roses in June" is something salicylic or other, plus tincture of something else quite unspellable, plus alcohol. "Much more lasting, too," he added. It may be, but it isn't romantic.

CANDIDA.

MUST BE NEARLY 3 O'CLOCK!

Copyright J. C. ENO Ltd. Photo by Yevonde

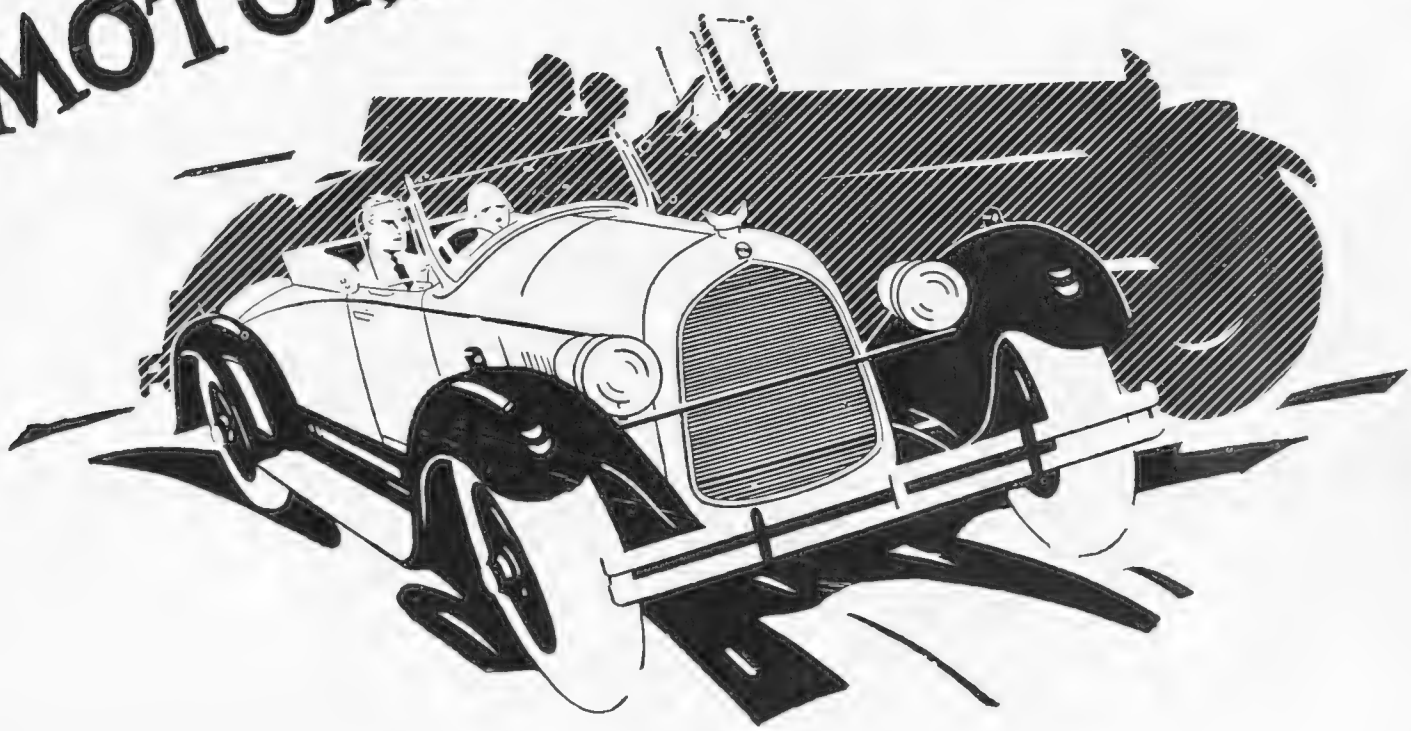
How the clock does tick and the mind does race from one silly thing to another. All the new smooth places in the bed used up and as hot as oven-plates, and half the bed-clothes on the carpet. Can't get to sleep—simply can't—simply can't. Well, the next time you're like this don't thump the pillow any more but follow this wise example. Just a dash of ENO's "Fruit Salt" in half a tumbler of water. It's very cool, very clear, and oh! how wet and welcome! It takes the fever and the fret out of your system and gives you a fresh start. Try again now and you'll succeed.

DRIVE A CHRYSLER AND GET THE GREATEST THRILL THAT

HOW OFTEN have you seen a Chrysler singing its silent effortless way up some tremendous hill? How often have you seen one flash like an arrow along the wind down some long open road, or weave its silken sinuous path through the traffic-crowded streets? Is it any wonder that the whole motoring world has taken this car to its heart?

You may know perhaps that the Chrysler does seventy miles an hour. That its acceleration is a byword among motorists. That the Chrysler's *hydraulic* four-wheel brakes are definitely unequalled on any other car for power and smoothness and ease of upkeep. That the crankshaft of a Chrysler engine is mounted on *seven* large bearings giving an incredible smoothness of

—AND KNOW THE MOTORING CAN OFFER!



running. That Chrysler springing is so perfected that all jolts and jars and rolling are absolutely eliminated. And yet—until you have driven a Chrysler *yourself*—you will never fully understand the endless joy and fascination which the Chrysler owner finds at the wheel of his car.

Go to an agent—now! Ask him to let you try the Chrysler personally—on the road. He will be proud to place a car at your disposal—without charging or committing you in any way. And then—when you have enjoyed what is one of the greatest thrills of motoring—think that for only £117 down this car is yours—yours to drive for thousands and thousands of miles, day after day, year after year. A Chrysler—*and your very own!*

£117 DOWN

The 23/75 h.p. Chrysler Seventy open touring model costs £468. Immediate ownership may be secured by paying only £117 and the rest in monthly instalments. A catalogue of other models and prices may be had from
Chrysler Motors, Ltd.
Kew Gardens
Surrey

"By my casement window"

Those Summer Poets

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *June 7.*

DEAR COUSIN—

IT'S sure rather lovely to be in England now, now that Summer's here. I know Summer has really and truly icum in, too, for certain, if it's only because of the way the birds are carrying on beneath my window these early mornings from about five o'clock on.

Now dawn comes to my window
Breathing midsummer roses,
And scythes are wet with dew.

What a picture, that, isn't it, a little miniaturelet in a dozen words or so, of a flawless, shining, scented, gentle English Summer day—such as they who live in the Far Countries of fierce extremes sometimes seem so exceedingly to yearn after.

卐

CAN'T you feel falling lightly on you, even as you read just these little lines, an exquisite though exciting peace? Even if you should happen to be in a stuffy street the while, all hemmed in with houses, or being rattled and deafened to death in a tube with crowds of not too frightfully lovable humanity all jostling and swaying around you and looking their dullest and drabbest, till you feel you could positively scream.

I cannot love the Human Race,
I do not like its silly face,

as Sir Walter Raleigh (not the one with the cloak) once cruelly said—or, anyway, in tubes and 'buses where somehow, me-seems, there's some subtle 'fluence or something about that turns us all, as it were, into sort of caricatures of ourselves at our worst, as you might say, in a manner of speaking.

卐

BUT when you read those simple little wordlets (most of 'em just one syllable, which is one of the secrets) don't you just get that real Summer Feeling right away? A perfumed puff of faintly moving early morning breeze, so light that it'd hardly blow a bit of thistledown across the dewy lawn. Air all soft and warm already, and gently caressing, with that sort of still and sun-washed silence which presages the busy hum of bees, the rich contented basking murmur of things when the sun's right high in his heaven, and all's delightfully right with the world.

卐

AND don't you just hear, too, the swish-swish of those scythes as they sweep lazily yet industriously to and fro—the most soothingly active of all sounds, methinks, with the muffled whirr of the mowing machine, not at all a bad second, spite of its mere century-old or so modernity? Some boys these poets, what? The way, I mean, with just a word or so, a touch or two, they can make us think of lovely things. . . . As one of the songs of the moment, or, anyway, the moment-before-last put it:

Can Lloyd George do it?
Can Winston do it?
Can F. E. do it?
Why, no,

or words to that terse, decisive, and appropriate effect.

卐

WHAT a morning it is, this one of the poet's . . . clear, clean, tenderly vibrating.

There never flew across the violet hills
A morn so like a dove with jewelled eyes,
With soft wings fluttering like the sound of rills,
And gentle breast of rose and azure dyes.

And there, by my casement window, positively pressing their sweet noses forward, like Hamlet, the brown spaniel, so's to push their way in, are those Dream Roses, all delicately fragrant and friendly and wonderful. . . . Oh, Poetry, Poetry (as the famous French philosopher or someone *didn't* say), what really rather astonishingly fascinating miracles are accomplished in thy name.

卐

"I do not love the Human Race, I cannot stand its silly face"

NOT that the poets are all quite like that, you know—just painting simple word pictures, I mean, that take you right straight to the heart of the few and simple things in this splendid—and sordid—Life which (they think) really matter, like love and death, and sunshine and work, and having a good meal. Just a little bit *démodés* I fear, they might, perhaps, tend to seem in, for instance, the Sitwell *entourage*, wherein at the latest outpouring of the spirit (newest brand of) at celebrated Chenil Galleries, they spread The Word thuslike, and as follows, and in hereundermentioned monumental bursts and sparks of flamboyant, not to say utterly dazzling, poserie, I mean, poetry, *e.g.*:—

When
Sir
Beelzebub called for his Syllabub
In the hotel in hell
Where Proserpine first fell,
Blue as the gendarmerie
Were the waves of the sea,
Rocking and shocking the barmaid.

(*Continued on page 614*)

'Tis a century and a half since the founding of BASS & CO., and near a century since the coming of RAILWAYS. But Time and Circumstance have failed to cast the lusty DRAYMAN into oblivion. He still persists as the embodiment of Strength and Vigour

A GOOD WORD FOR EVERYBODY

BASS

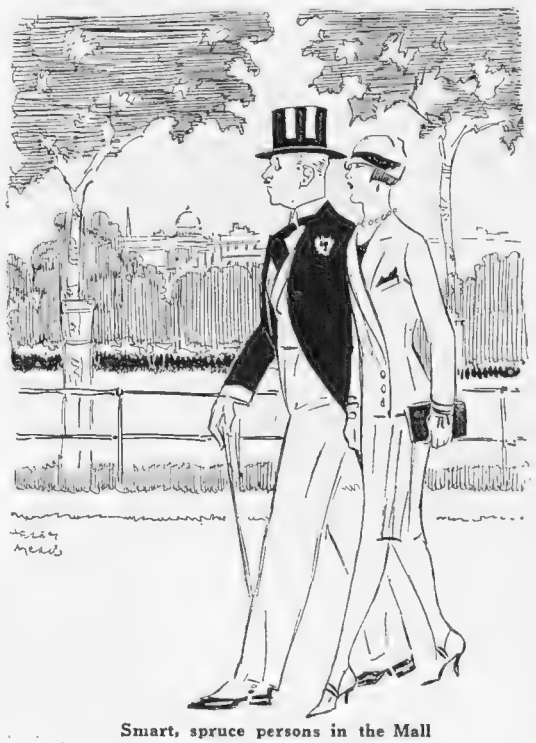
The Quality Ale

B 17

TRADE MARK

PERFECTLY sweet people the Sitwells, you know—Edith, and Osbert, and Sacheverell, and Uncle Tom Cobbley, and all, as they say in the old song—and I don't really think we could do without them now, any more than any other of our pleasant and popular vices, like the *Daily Gawdelpus* at breakfast, and wireless, and the car-we-couldn't-really-afford, and other exotic appurtenances of an otherwise more or less mediocre and practical middle-class life. All help, you know, and also, meseems, to be numbered among those national monuments and things that such lots of Americans (some 300,000, it's threatened) and Australians (it's said) are coming over, and, in fact and truth, 've already busily started arriving, to inspect and duly tick off in their Baedekers or whatnots, in due order of merit, and as may seem good to them of the younger nations.

SUMMER—and London. London is sure the greatest show town in the world, says Mr. Morris Gest (who, you remember, introduced Lady Diana Cooper with much *éclat* to the American stage), and talks, too, of that "extraordinary mask of humour" that we throw over all serious things. P'raps, but hearken also to what Sylvia Thompson saith, author of one of the novels of the moment, "Hounds of Spring." People—she talks of—small spruce creatures, going up and down the Mall to breathe the gold-dusted air and feel the breath of Summer. . . . Summer, who was laughing at them, calling them out by the glow of her look and the murmurs of her lovely voice; and dying before their eyes, only they didn't see. . . .



Smart, spruce persons in the Mall

WELL, anyway, things are going quite astonishingly summerily and strong just this moment as ever is. A real old-fashioned crowded week this one, *par exemple* (with at least fourteen or fifteen private dances alone), and, in sooth, even more packed than used to happen in old days. When people, I believe, would actually *boast* of being so frightfully full of engagements and things, and positively go to them, too, one after another—thus arriving home about 4 a.m., on mere sustenance of successive buffet suppers, a more or less pale and pallid wreck. Whereas, now one just picks one thoroughly respectable party at most, and, after that, there's a real, *proper* supper to be had, thank Heaven, at Ciro's or *chez Henri*, or the Palermo, or some dance place or other—something you can get

(Continued on page 616)

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W
By appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

The Three of Knowledge

THE FINEST MATERIALS EVER PRODUCED
By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

AT many recent public gatherings H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has very wisely encouraged the British manufacturers and merchants to do their utmost to develop their export trade. This development is an economic necessity to Britain's future prosperity.

There is, however, no sentiment in business. Neither in the home nor in the foreign markets will people buy goods simply because they are British. Our export trade can be fostered only by the production of goods of a finer quality than those of other countries, and they must also be offered at competitive prices in competitive markets.

The British woollen manufacturers can produce better materials than their rivals in any country in the world. They represent one of our greatest industries. But since 1914 there has been exhibited an apathetic tendency among many of the manufacturers in the production of new designs. It may have been reaction from the strain of war, but the fact remains that the monotony of millions of yards of khaki, followed by an artificial boom in mediocre mufti, and then by a slump in prosaic but expensive drabs, have had an uninspiring effect.

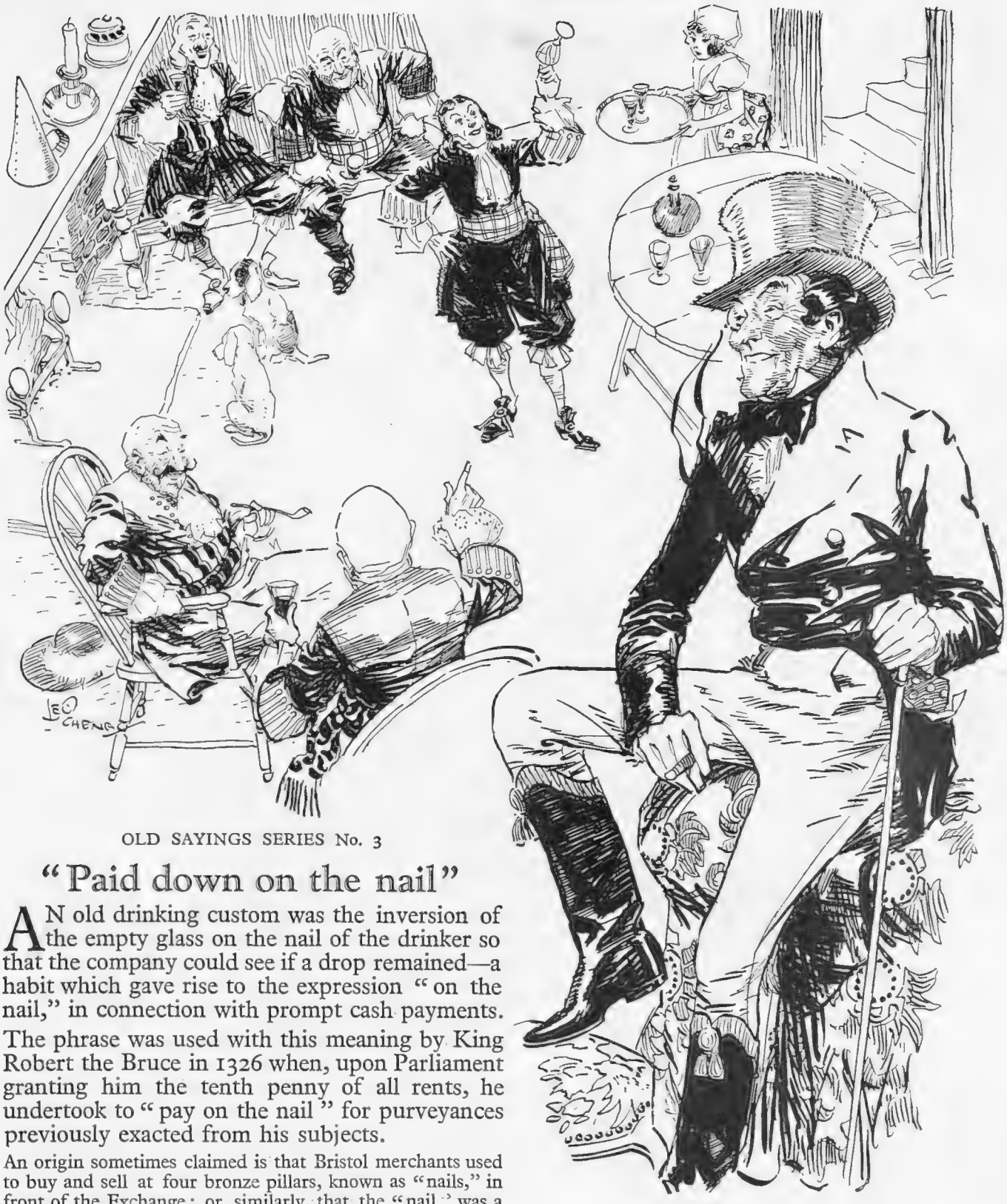
Some six months ago, in consultation with the leading British manufacturers, I formulated a progressive scheme which is likely to have far-reaching results. In consequence, experiments were made upon original designs and various colour-blendings which have been eminently successful. These materials, which are being shown exclusively by Pope and Bradley, are certainly the finest that have ever been produced.

I believe in candour, and my argument is simple. My reputation enables me to lay claim to be an artist. These materials have been manufactured according to my ideas. They are confined exclusively to the customers of my House in Britain, but the manufacturers may export them according to demand to any other country in the world. I shall not receive any commission or profit whatever upon the foreign trade, but I shall retain the exclusiveness here.

* * * * * *

It is impossible to indicate the fineness of these materials and the great advance that has been made in cloth production. They must be seen to be appreciated, and I invite every man who is interested in clothes to make a call and view them at his leisure. He will not be importuned to buy, but, if he should, he will not find the prices excessive.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER



OLD SAYINGS SERIES No. 3

"Paid down on the nail"

AN old drinking custom was the inversion of the empty glass on the nail of the drinker so that the company could see if a drop remained—a habit which gave rise to the expression "on the nail," in connection with prompt cash payments.

The phrase was used with this meaning by King Robert the Bruce in 1326 when, upon Parliament granting him the tenth penny of all rents, he undertook to "pay on the nail" for purveyances previously exacted from his subjects.

An origin sometimes claimed is that Bristol merchants used to buy and sell at four bronze pillars, known as "nails," in front of the Exchange; or, similarly, that the "nail" was a pillar with a round copper plate on top which was used as a money table in the Limerick Exchange.

Born 1820——
Still going Strong!

The most popular saying to-day is
"Johnnie Walker, please!"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

your teeth into, as the vulgar saying goes, even if you *do* have to accompany it with orangeade or some similarly innocuous so-called "cup."

卐

Two Courts this week (and, oh! let's pray for the poor debs., who do get so desperately worried, as is the way of seventeen or eighteen). Also, to-night there's that celebrated Caledonian Ball at the Cecil, where everyone wears kilts, and even we weak women are expected to put a bit of tartan on us somewhere—which is all very matey and that sort of thing, but not altogether helpful in the way of mere beauty and becomingness—what? And there's that sweet affair, the Richmond Horse Show, starting on Thursday, with all the lovely gees, and on Saturday the very first of the Test Matches—*what* a week we're having, to be sure!

卐

Lots of doings at Ranelagh, too, by the way, what with the open cup starting to-day and the smart horse and pony show this Wednesday, that everyone always comes to. Which reminds me—*à propos* of Ranelagh, and Hurlingham, and Roehampton, and all those truly delightful places—they're agitating once more for proper open air *cafés* all of our own in London, for us of the mere millions, and, 'pon my soul, I can't see why not. All this talk of weather, of course, is pure bunk or bilge—Paris and we have just about the same, as I've tested many a time. Then why not start the little marble-topped tables all around, say, Piccadilly, and Oxford Street, and Regent Street, and the Strand, to begin with? A rather bright thought, *n'est-ce pas?*

"Richmond Horse Show"

卐

They say (the doctors, I mean) that you get cow's brains if you only drink enough milk—an awful warning, is not it? like Mr. William Shakespeare's Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, that Miss Italia Conti's been giving such delightful *matinées* of at the Holborn Empire. And Ascot's only next week, not to mention the Olympia Horse Show, so I'm *sure* Summer's here, but whether, having done its durndest to drum us on Derby Day, she will behave her little self, remains to be seen.

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

For MOTORING, Etc.

"Lock-up" Flask,

holding a full bottle of spirit. Best Electro Plate. £2 15s.

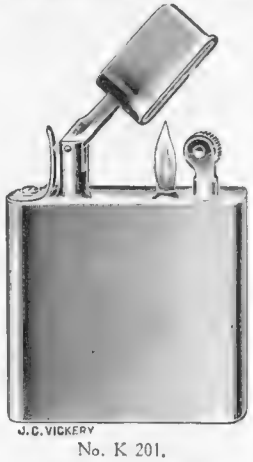
Solid Silver, £13 10s.

No. K 741.

For MOTORING. Coffee and Liqueur Case. Fitted with Pint-Size "Thermos" Flask, 2 China Cups and Saucers, Liqueur Flask, 2 Glass Tots, Biscuit Box and Spoons, Brown Leather Case. 14 by 5½ by 4½ in.

£5 5s.

USEFUL . . . NOVELTIES AT VICKERY'S



No. K 201.

A GOOD LIGHTER, can be used with one hand. Size 2 by 1½ ins.

Electro Plate 15/-
Solid Silver 38/6
Engine-Turned Silver 50/-
Solid Gold £9:9:0
Engine-Turned Gold £9:18:6

For Shooting, Motoring, etc.

No. K. 384.—Finest Quality Electro-Plated Drinking Cups and Crystal Glass Flasks in Solid Leather Cases. Cups hold ½ pint.

Case, with 2 Cups and Flask £3 9 6
" " 4 " " 4 17 6
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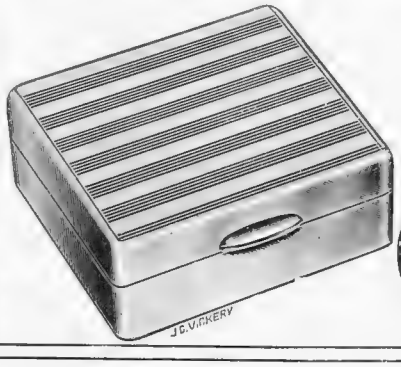

No. K. 361.

Plain Sterling Silver Cigarette Box, £1 2s. 6d.

Engine-Turned ditto, £1 7s. 6d.

J·C VICKERY

145 & 147 REGENT ST. LONDON, W.1

By Appointment Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King Jeweller to H.M. the Queen Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

"Our escort consisted of MacGregor and five or six of the handsomest, best armed and most athletic mountaineers. . . .

"When we approached the pass . . . MacGregor hastened to speak. . .

"'. . . But remember, at least, we have not been unprovoked: we are a rude and an ignorant, and it may be a violent and passionate, but we are not a cruel, people; the land might be at peace and in law for us, did they allow us to enjoy the blessings of peaceful law . . .'"

ROB ROY, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

The peace which Rob Roy MacGregor and his Highland men fought for has come to the Highlands. In return, generous as always, the Highlands have given much to the world. Let us not be accused of anti-climax if we mention, amongst the good things given, Black and White. Rob Roy was pure Scotch. So is Black and White.

BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd and Scotch Whisky Distillers

26, Holborn, London, E.C.1

POLO NOTES By A. W. Coaten

By "The Tout"

ARGENTINE VISITORS

Señor A. M. Pena and Señor M. Andrada, two prominent players of "La Pampa" polo team, who are now on a visit to this country from the Argentine

The Challenge

It is satisfactory to learn that the governing body of polo in this country has accepted the proposals made by the Indian Army Association with regard to the challenge to America next year. Not all the members of the Hurlingham Stud Polo Committee were enthusiastic about the scheme. Briefly, the idea is to send an Indian Army team to the United States in an endeavour to win back the International Cup. The chief argument advanced against this proposal was that it would debar any players in England from taking part in the next challenge. Two or three men in this country are well qualified to be tried for a place in the next international team, but so far as I can see there is not the slightest probability of getting together a complete team in England which would be adequate for the object in view. After some discussion, therefore, it was decided to give the necessary support to the Indian project, and according to present arrangements Hurlingham will deliver their challenge to the United States Polo Association on January 1.

Personnel

I have already given the names of the players who are to form the nucleus of the Indian team. Captain R. George is to be at No. 1, Major A. H. Williams at No. 2, Major E. G. Atkinson at No. 3, and Captain J. P. Dening at the back. With the exception of the first-named, all these are well known in English polo. Individually they may not strike the casual observer as being right up to the international standard, but I am fully prepared to see the team develop into a formidable combination. They will have the advantage of playing regularly together throughout the next polo season in India, and are likely to bring with them the pick of the ponies in that country.

A Handicap

Hitherto we have suffered badly in the international encounters by the fact that we have been unable to give our players sufficient practice together, with the result that they have been obliged to learn all about each other's tactics on reaching the other side of the Atlantic. This immense drawback will be avoided by the Indian team.

Practice

Contrary to the wishes of some of the members of the Hurlingham Polo Committee, the present intention is that after leaving India the players will not practice together until they reach the United States. It is thought in India that practice on the inevitably slow grounds of the London clubs would be more harmful than beneficial to the team. Reserve players have been already selected in the persons of Captain B. G. Dalrymple-Hay and Captain A. L. B. Anderson. These two did very well in regimental and open polo on Indian grounds last season, and either of them would be an effective substitute in an emergency.

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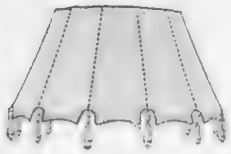

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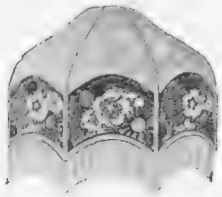

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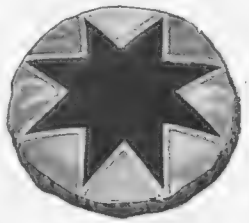

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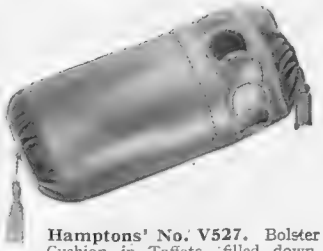

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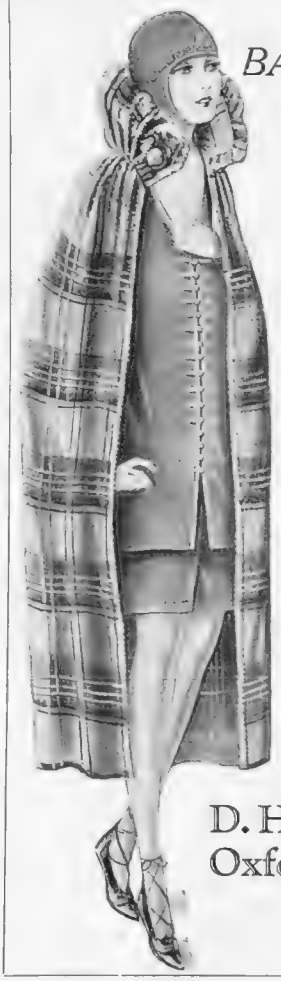

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RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Derby Reflections

READERS of these notes for two or three weeks before the Derby will recall how persistently I pointed out the possibility that the Guineas running would be reversed at Epsom. Although I never quite lost my faith in Colorado, I must confess I was not very much surprised when Coronach galloped away from him in the Derby. It all amounted to a question of condition. Lord Woolavington's colt was decidedly backward at Newmarket, but he was a fit horse at Epsom, and the difference proved fatal to the hopes of the admirers of the favourite. For once in a way the colt who headed the Free Handicap for two-year-olds has won the greatest race of the season. I think if Mr. Dawkins had rearranged his weights just before the Derby he would have called upon Colorado to concede a few pounds to the winner, so the backers of the favourite last week erred in good company.

Luck of the Race

IT would not be a typical Derby unless there were some examples of really bad luck. First I would mention the case of Lex, who had the misfortune to finish absolutely last. Yet, half-way through the race it had seemed certain that he would be among the placed horses. The cause of his sudden collapse was the fact that he was struck into from behind, with the result that he pulled up lame. Lancegaye had the misfortune to lose a number of lengths at the start. He was certainly further behind Coronach when a furlong had been covered than he was at the finish. I do not go so far as to assert that the Manton outsider would have won had he jumped away on equal terms with the others, but I am convinced that he is a good colt. He was running on at the finish with a fine show of stamina, and I shall not be in the least surprised to see him win the St. Leger.

That Wretched Dog

THE other Manton representative in the race, Swift and Sure, was unlucky in having the Derby dog—who was no legend this time—dart in front of him just as he was making his supreme effort a quarter of a mile from home. The Manton people believe that this destroyed Swift and Sure's chance of winning the race. I do not agree with this view, for I think Coronach was too far in front at the time of the incident to have been overhauled by Lord Astor's colt. At the same time, the fact that he had to be partially checked may have prevented Swift and Sure from finishing second.

Sparkling Solario

IN a long experience of racing I have not seen a more sparkling performance than that which was put up by Solario in the Coronation Stakes. I am now perfectly convinced that he is a long way the best horse in training at the present time, and if he meets any of the French stayers in the Ascot Gold Cup I do not think we shall hear anything about the supposed degeneracy of the British thoroughbred. It is excellent to see a classic winner train on in this brilliant style, and his owner, Sir John Rutherford, is heartily to be congratulated upon having resisted all the temptations which have lately been put in his way to induce him to part with the colt.

Coming Events

ALL through the Epsom Meeting there were rumours that there will be no Ascot this season. I was not able to obtain any confirmation of those reports, and at the time of writing it seems practically certain that the Royal Meeting will be brought off as usual. If the coal strike has not ended I fear it will be hardly as brilliant a function as formerly, but we are sure to get any amount of racing of the finest type. **Vermilion Pencil** has gone up in the handicap, but should win the Ascot Stakes on the opening day. The chief meeting of the present week is Newbury on Wednesday and Thursday. Here we have a distinctly attractive programme. **Friar Wile** may win the Empire Stakes on the first day and **Winalot** the Newbury Summer Cup on the second day.

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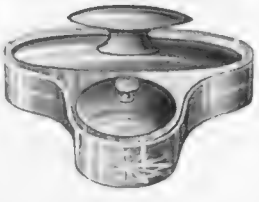

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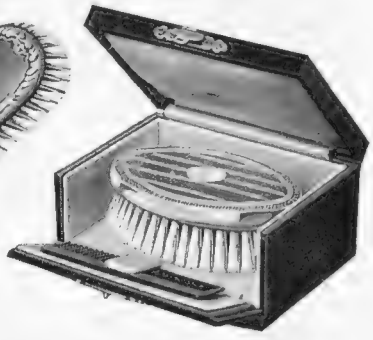

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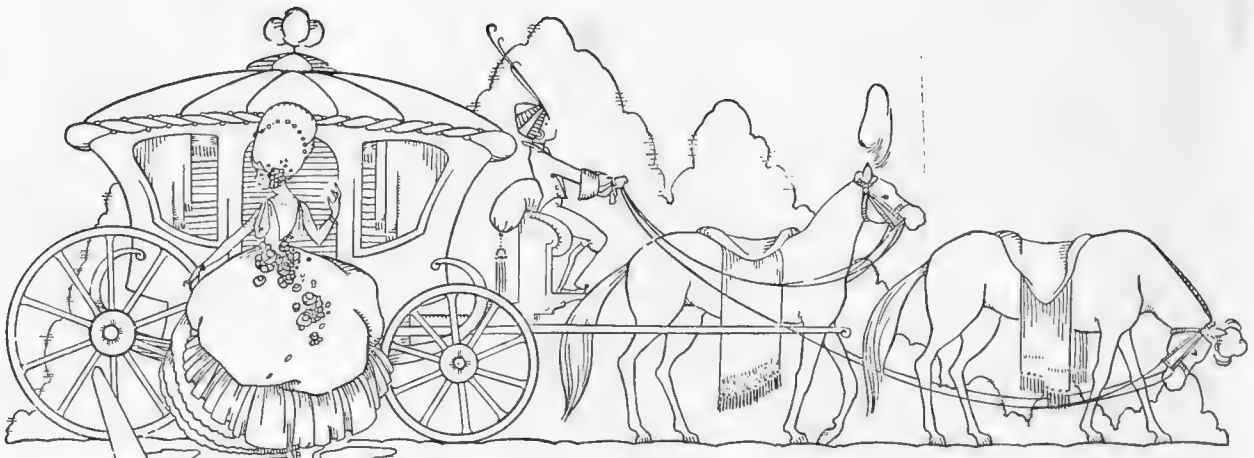

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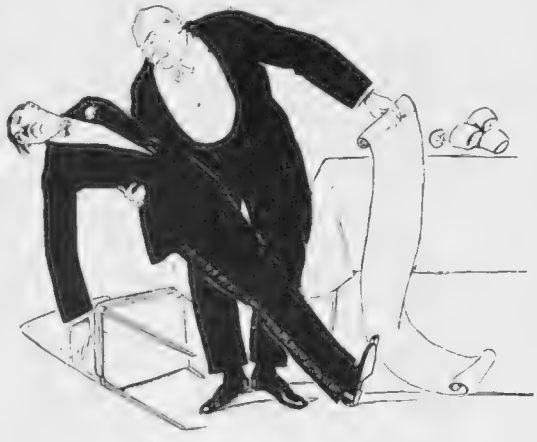
PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis—

I hate to have to preach, being one of those unassuming fellows who have an innate feeling that everybody's intelligence is more acute than his own; but may I implore those of you who are coming over here this summer to think twice before giving audibility to your impressions—and then decide on a non-carrying whisper. Lapse not into forgetfulness of the fact that a very, very large number of French people understand English far better, when you do not want them to, than when it is presented as French "from the book," and that they are less in a mood than ever to submit to thoughtless and rather cattish criticism from those who



"A total that staggers the majority"

are enjoying for next to nothing the good things they can scarcely afford.

The French, largely on account of a vehement Press campaign, which day by day harps on the absurd theme of the *tout-puissante* pound beating down the poor, frail franc, have been hounded into the mentality of the poor relation, and most of them suffer from the delusion that all the British are *parvenu* millionaires, able to buy to satiety either *caviar* or *châteaux* for something called a sixpence, or at the most a *schelling*.

Poor relations can but rarely prevent the milk of human kindness from curdling in the presence of their wealthier kin when there is nothing but envy as a souring element, but when there is also provocation it means courting a whole heap of trouble. The soundest line for the tourist whose experience in regard to some happening or other leads him to think, "They do this much better in England," is to make merely a *mental* note of it and reserve utterance of the belief until safely at home.

Don't be like the petulant English spinster who was served with tea and cakes by a Paris waitress who had nails tipped with jet, and wrote to a Paris evening paper asserting that all the waitresses in Paris tea-shops had jet-fringed nails, which had decided her to leave nail-brushes in place of *pourboires* in future. This sort of myopic calumny gets us very severely disliked, and already the folk who spend dollars, pounds, pesetas or florins are sufficiently out of the stream of popularity to make us anxious to avoid further currents. If you can't cultivate the blind eye, affect the tied tongue. We will thank you very profoundly. For it means a much less difficult passage for those of us who live here all of the time.

At last we have a place near the heart of the boulevards where it is possible to procure a good and fresh-cooked dinner in the late hours. It has been one of the minor annoyances of Paris that, if one were driven late by such a distressing occurrence as the necessity for prolonged application to the desk, or other form of modern penalty for quitting the Garden of Eden, the only form of sustenance to be wrung from the departing *chefs* of the boulevards was cold meat, not so very bad in itself, but distinctly horrid when prefaced by cold soup and sequelled by cold coffee.

When I dropped in for lunch this week at the new Hôtel Commodore, which has captured the best site on the extension of the Boulevard Haussmann, almost where it joins the Boulevard des Italiens, it was therefore very cheering to pick up the valuable information that the grill-room will remain open most of the night, and that it will be possible to obtain a full-strength hot *repas* up to midnight or even one o'clock. I believe there is to be dancing also, so that that awkward little problem of what to do between

"Nail-brushes in place of *pourboires*"

eleven and one if you were too late for, or didn't want to go to, the theatre should be solved for a greater number.

One has often found it difficult to convince people in London that the London cabarets were an entirely different affair from the Paris cabarets, of which most folk seemed to think they were a copy. It may be more easy to obtain converts now that Paris is about to copy the London cabaret, not avowedly, *bien entendu,* but effectively all the same. The scene of the innovation is the Théâtre des Ambassadeurs, the open-air theatre of the Champs Elysées, which is such a favourite resort of British tourists in the torrid months.

Apparently it is to be styled *restaurant music-hall,* but with the slight difference that the meal will be dinner instead of supper. I gather that it will be the nearest thing to the Piccadilly or Metropole "shows," with the entertainers straying among the onlookers in case they might have overlooked some

Restaurant music-hall'

of their good points. New York and London are to be called on for the initial performers, and the promoters have the intention, presumably, of relying principally on foreign support, as I hear the *couvert* will be forty francs a head with champagne *obligatoire,* promising, with the dinner bill, a total that staggers the majority of Parisians. Yet, even then, it will probably be cheaper than London or New York.

It was perhaps a pity that MM. Robert de Flers and Francis de Croisset did not wait two or three weeks longer before producing *Docteur Miracle,* as they might have been able to introduce a much more novel element into their nominally scientific play had they become acquainted with the extraordinary theories of Prof. Tastes.

The comedy of these ever-successful collaborators centres on the speculation whether there would be any advantage in living almost for ever—put it at a thousand years for a round figure—and the belief of the authors that most people would be very hostile to the prospect of seeing their agony prolonged for such a dreadful period. Momentarily the discoverer of the elixir is *fêted* as a genius, but very soon he is assailed from so many quarters, including his own wife, that he comes to the conclusion it would be better to break his bottles and pour the hateful stuff down the sink. (Incidentally, Dr. Voronoff must be considered lucky to have escaped a similar fate over his life-reviving glands.)

Assailed by his own wife

But this speculation over the advantages or disadvantages of the prolongation of life can scarcely be regarded as new. Only the technical skill of the authors makes it entertaining. Whereas the conceptions of Prof. Tastes, presented to the very much disturbed Academy of Science, are so novel that the *savants* are afraid of them. The Professor, who has always been looked upon as a very sound worker—he devised one of the most successful gas masks during the war—puts forward the startling theory that "mouldiness" is one of the most important states of life, and that not only are all diseases traceable to this decaying, but that new life also originates in "mould," which he styles "ancestral," and which seems spontaneous.

The layman discussing this in the club immediately thinks of a piece of gorgonzola and considers the theory feasible, listing gorgonzola as the "ancestral mould" of his worst enemy, but the *savants* do not like to have accepted theories of biology challenged in this drastic fashion, and Professor Tastes is finding it difficult to get his experiments registered in the records.

René.

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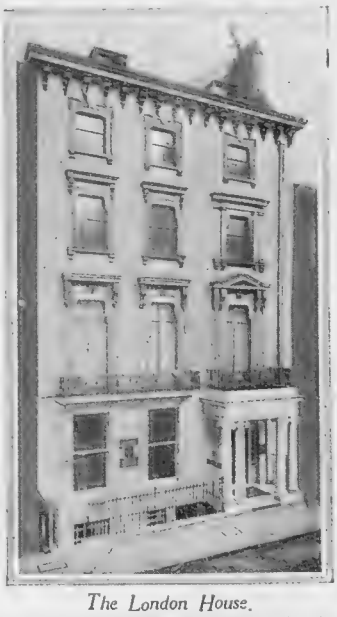

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EVE

By R. W. HOW

BEHIND the camp dark pines towered to the sky, and in front a flower-starred bank sloped gently to the river, where velvet meadows rolled up to the tree-shadowed hills.

The two campers were alone in an unspoilt, undiscovered world of beauty. The peace of evening seemed almost unbelievable. Sunset colours lit the sky and flamed again in the stream. A soft wind fluttered fitfully and died in a sighing whisper among the pines. Quiet came across the valley like the touch of a soft hand that would not be denied, and the young hearts could hardly bear the hush of the coming night. Their voices frightened them. Peace began to fade before the first cold little breath of loneliness.

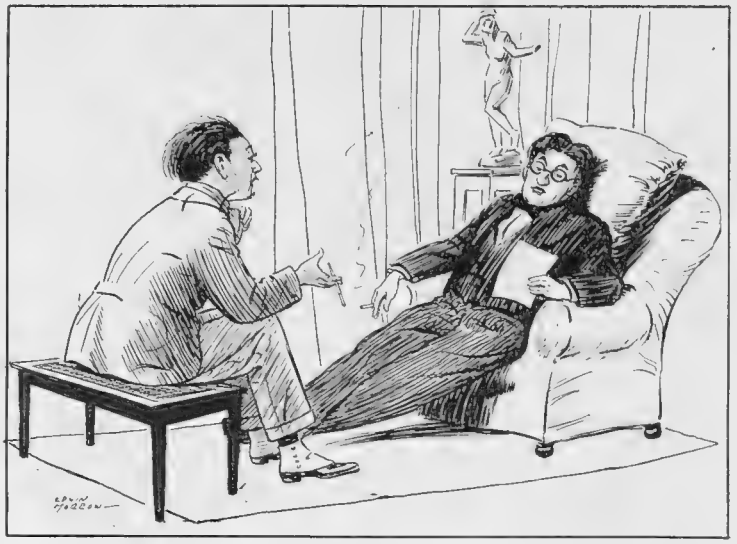
Suddenly the stillness was shattered. A glorious burst of music crashed out, and the campers' startled murmur changed to a laugh of pleased remembrance. As the chords and cadences throbbed and rippled they tuned their souls to the beauty of vision. And peace became sweet.

Presently the girl turned quickly to the man beside her, and without a word laid an urgent hand on his arm. She motioned him to silence and turned her eyes again to the river, where a form was stealing across the grass.

As they watched, she came nearer and nearer, all unaware that the world was not hers alone. Now she was close enough for the watchers to see her beauty, the warm colour of her skin, all her unhidden loveliness, for she had come straight from the river.

Obviously she was fascinated, bewitched by the music. They saw her soft, brown eyes — wondering, amazed. It was magic to her, this music from nowhere. The girl moved forward to reassure the beautiful figure that had now reached the foot of the bank, but with a frightened movement, Eve, the young Jersey cow they had seen at the farm, threw up her heels and galloped away.

And the "loud-speaker" ceased!



By Edwin Morrow

TOO MANY FEET

1st Poet: "Good, isn't it? And yet it has been rejected by seventeen editors"

2nd Poet: "Ah, the poetry of motion!"

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

This Tea and Coffee Service, of entirely new design, is made at Mappin & Webb's Sheffield works; its popularity stamps it as one of the most remarkable ever produced.

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Cream Jug	3 5 0	1 7 6
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"Improves the tone of the skin" says MISS MIMI CRAWFORD (in a personal interview)

Rita Martin.

A dainty, dancing fairy.

A dainty little dancing fairy, Miss Mimi Crawford flits charmingly through that mixture of good things, the "R.S.V.P." revue at the Vaudeville. Her characterisation of Alice in the central ballet of the show, "Alice in Lumberland," has gained general admiration.

I saw her in her dressing-room in the newly-constructed Vaudeville a few days after it had been opened. She was full of her plans for furnishing it—she spoke of "Louis Quinze"—for by all the signs "R.S.V.P." is to have a long run. Miss Crawford has a complexion which accords perfectly with her youthful charm—her skin is a perfect "pink and white," delicately smooth and with a beautiful colour.

A captivating fragrance.

"I was first captivated by its fragrance," said Miss Crawford, talking of Pond's Vanishing Cream, "it has just the scent I like, not too strong and yet lingering."

But I presume you have some other reason besides its delightful odour for continuing to use this cream.

Before powdering.

"No other cream has given me such satisfaction. You can use it at any moment during the day—whenever your face feels tired, whenever it needs toning up, and it disappears instantly, leaving the skin smooth and refreshed. It improves the tone of the skin instantly—and is, I consider, the best thing to use to keep your powder on smoothly and evenly. If you just put on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering, you will find that you will have no fear of little shiny places, the powder stays on evenly all the time you are out."

"I never use soap on the face."

Later Miss Crawford remarked that she never allowed soap to touch her face. "It sounds drastic, I know," she admitted with a laugh, "but for all that I am quite willing to admit it, because I think soap can be very harmful to a delicate skin. And, after all, why risk it? Pond's Cold Cream cleanses the skin far more thoroughly. It cleanses the pores as well as the surface. It stimulates, particularly if you pat it into the skin gently with the tips of the fingers and use a little massage round the eyes and mouth. This gentle stimulation keeps the skin free and healthy, and prevents the formation of lines and enlarged pores."

Mimi Crawford

A Skin Food.

Miss Crawford agreed that bedtime was the best time for using Pond's Cold Cream. "But," she added, "I think the skin is all the better for a 'feed' of Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream in the day, sometimes when opportunity offers. When dressing for dinner, for instance, or after returning from a spin in the car or a round of golf. In these cases it is advisable to finish off with Pond's Vanishing Cream after the Cold Cream has been removed with a soft towel or a wad of cotton wool."

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS. USED BY COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF WOMEN TO MAKE AND KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE

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Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Always apply Pond's Vanishing Cream to the face, neck and hands before going out in the morning and from time to time whenever you want to look your best during the day. This exquisite cream, delightfully scented with the odour of Jacqueminot roses, protects the surface of the skin from roughness, redness, coarseness, blackheads, and all other complexion blemishes caused by exposure to wind and sun. It immediately gives the skin a soft, smooth, velvety appearance and forms an excellent base for powder—the powder stays on longer and more evenly. Neither of Pond's Two Creams promotes the growth of hair.

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Try for yourself this delightful effective method. The proprietors will send, for twopence in stamps to cover postage and packing, a TRIAL TUBE of both creams. All chemists and stores sell Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, in handsome opal jars, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., and in tubes 7½d. (for handbags) and 1s. The Cold Cream, also in extra large tubes, 2s. 6d.

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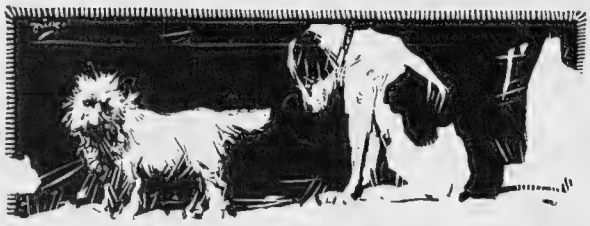

"FORTY YEARS ON"

DOGS IN FAVOUR

By "THE KENNELMAN"

"Let men delight to strike and agitate; it is their nature to," you can imagine the Dogs saying among themselves. "For us, we prefer to increase and multiply, and generally to better ourselves." At all events, with the enthusiastic assistance of their human friends and admirers, they contrive to maintain the best sort of all-round progress.

The births and registrations of pedigree Dogs fell away almost to zero during the later stages of the rationing era. The pre-War average of registrations for the first quarter of the year was a little over 4000. The figures for the first quarters of the renaissance period have been, for 1922, 6736, for 1923, 9166, for 1924, 10,559, for 1925, 12,557, and for the first quarter of the present year, 14,413. This looks more like solid progress than any mere "boom" or passing vogue. The figures for March, 1886—just forty years ago—were 629. For March of this year they were 5300. Forty years ago Smooth Fox Terriers topped the list, their numbers more than four times those of the Wires; and Alsatians and Pekingese were unknown. Even Cockers were not numerous enough to reach the list; but Basset Hounds were twice as numerous as Bull Terriers or Toy Terriers, and Dandie Dinmonts were six times more numerous than Deerhounds. St. Bernards were very near the top of the list, and English Setters ahead of all the gun-Dogs. Four years ago, in 1922, there were 240 canine societies in the country, and to-day there are 580.

That sturdy old English sportsman the Clumber Spaniel (like the Gordon Setter and some other fine sporting Dogs) has been a bit overshadowed in popular esteem by the vogue of the ubiquitous Cocker, whose convenient size helps him hardly less than his lovable character. And so it is good to learn that the King is specially interesting himself in Clumbers, and that by the time the Kennel Club Show comes along, before this year's harvest, the doggy public may have a chance of seeing a team of Clumbers from the Royal Kennels. Among the Terriers, it's interesting to note the steady rise of that keen little northerner, the Cairn Terrier. In entries for the Show at Olympia Cairn beat Sealyham easily, and was a very close rival of the Wire-haired Fox, apart from being away ahead of Airedales, Scotties, West Highland Whites and Kerry Blues. On the whole, popular taste would seem to fluctuate more among the Terriers than in any of the other breeds. Among Toys, there is a certain liveliness discernible in Papillon ranks; but the Pekingese smile superciliously at any hint of rivalry, as though to remind one of the prophecies of twenty years ago to the effect that they were soon to be put in the shade by the Butterfly Dogs. The Griffon is another little fellow who is doing very well, thank you, in public favour, as he is certainly one of those whose sporting tastes support the contention—heartily endorsed on the strength of personal observation by The Kennelman—that the time is over-ripe for abolition of that official classification, "Toys," the implications of which are quite unworthy of very many gallant small Dogs.

If everyone who has recently lost (or saved) a Dog friend attacked by the distemper scourge would send along, say, the price of a round of half a dozen double whiskies, to the Distemper Research Fund, we should be well on the way toward wiping out its worst terrors. The sum now needed is not large, but it *is* needed. The Kennelman feels grateful to those BYSTANDER readers (including South Africans) who have responded and sent contributions *via* the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly.

FIRES IN COUNTRY HOUSES

It is very usual to attribute fires to the fusing of electric wires wherever the actual cause cannot be discovered. In most cases electricity is not at fault, but it must be remembered that rubber, whether in motor tyres or electric conductors, perishes or becomes brittle with age, and many houses are wired on obsolete systems.

When this happens the rubber is no longer a protection against damp which may result from condensation on change of temperature or leakage through roofs or from water pipes. Under such conditions a fire may result, usually at the switch wires for which the safety fuses provide no protection. It is therefore very necessary that old installations should be opened up for expert examination, as an insulation test, which may show the absence of leakage for the moment, is not sufficient to ensure security on circuits with perished insulation. We have a staff of experts constantly employed in testing and reporting on installations in every part of the country, and *we do not put clients to the expense of rewiring unless we find it is really necessary.*

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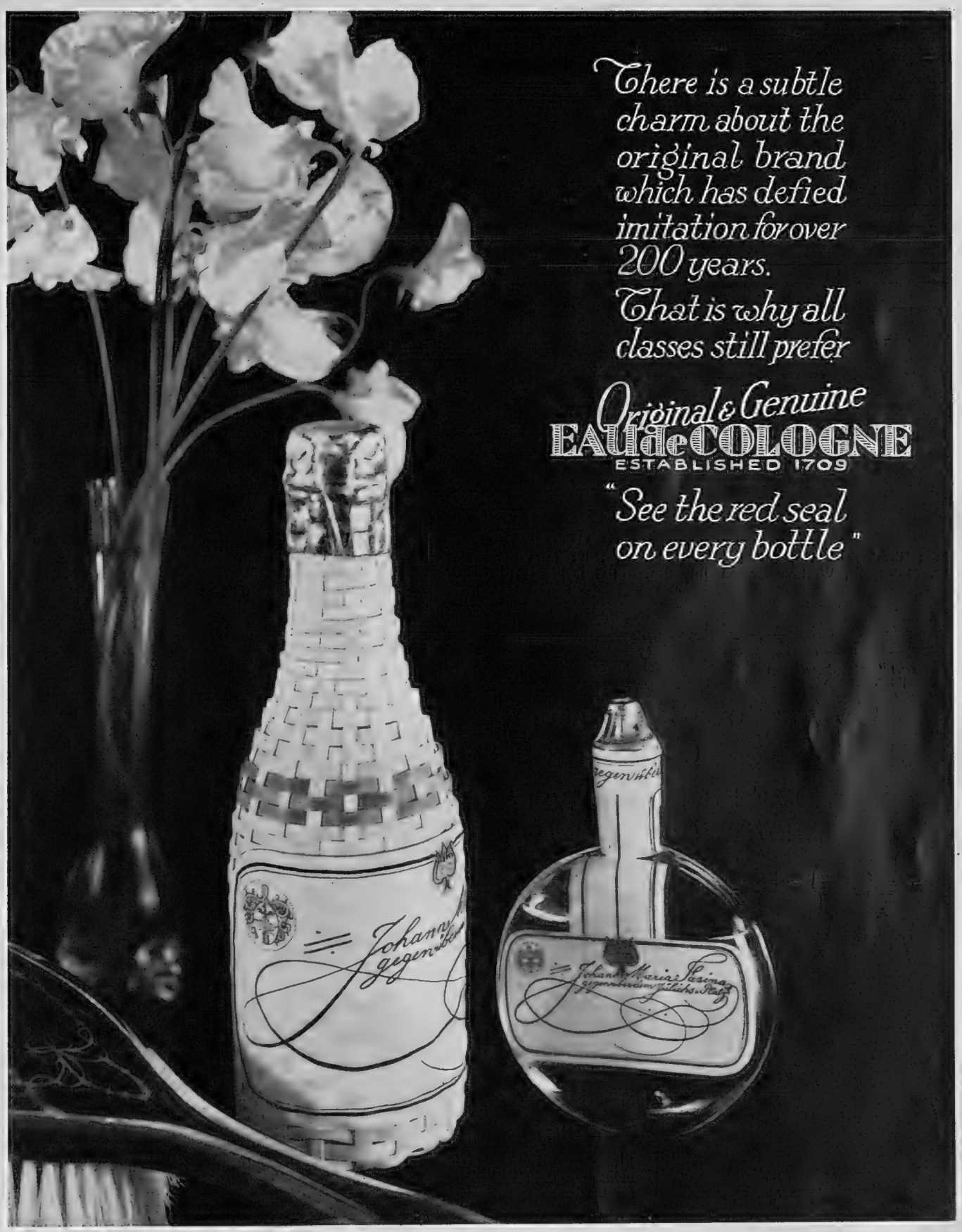
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Miss Elizabeth Irving, whose marriage to Mr. Felix John Morgan Brunner, the son of Sir John Brunner, will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 8th. Miss Irving is the daughter of the well-known actor the late Mr. H. B. Irving and a granddaughter of the great Sir Henry Irving

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BYSTANDER BRIDGE

GRAND COUP

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

"NOVICE" asks me to explain and define the "Grand Coup." Well, it is more easily explained by illustration than by definition. The Grand Coup consists in throwing away a superfluous trump. This may sound rather cryptic. "How," it may be asked, "can one have a superfluous trump?" Most of us suffer, as a rule, from too few, and it is not at first sight apparent that one could possibly have too many. But the explanation is that, having too many trumps, Declarer may be compelled to lead from his own hand when he wants to lead from Dummy.

To get rid of a trump by undertrumping a trick already won by Dummy or by trumping a trick when Dummy has won is to play the Grand Coup. When you have to get rid of two superfluous trumps it is called the Double-Grand Coup, and to get rid of three trumps is the Triple-Grand Coup.

. . . . . .

Here is an example of a Radio game broadcast in the United States in which four famous experts took part:—

	Y S—K, 3. H—A, K, 10, 9. D—A, K, Q, J. C—10, 7, 5.	
S—6. H—7, 6, 4. D—7, 6, 5, 4. C—A, K, J, 4, 3.	A B Z	S—Q, 8, 7, 2. H—J, 8, 5, 2. D—10, 8, 3. C—Q, 9.
	S—A, J, 10, 9, 5, 4. H—Q, 3. D—9, 2. C—8, 6, 2.	

Score: Game all. A deals and bids "One Club"; Y, "One Heart"; B, "No bid"; Z, "One Spade." All pass. A plays the King, Ace, and Jack of Clubs in succession. B discards the 3 of Diamonds on the Jack. A then leads the 7 of Hearts and Z wins with the Queen. Z then leads Jack of Spades, overtakes with Dummy's King, and returns the 3, finessing the 10, A discarding the 4 of Diamonds. Z's next lead is 3 of Hearts, which is won by Dummy's King, and then *Dummy's Ace is trumped by Z.*

The 2 of Diamonds is won by Dummy's Jack and Dummy's 10 of Hearts is trumped by Declarer, who then leads 9 of Diamonds, Dummy winning with the Queen. Dummy's King of Diamonds forces B to trump, his 8 being overtaken by Z, whose Ace of Spades wins the last trick. Z therefore makes four by cards, game and rubber.

This was a case of the Double-Grand Coup.

. . . . . .

American Laws

The new American laws have been published and are now in force in the United States. In arrangement and lucidity they show a marked improvement on the previous American code, but unfortunately the effect of them is to emphasise the differences between American and English Bridge. The most radical change is in the revoke penalty. The new revoke penalty for either side is two tricks for the first revoke, one trick for each subsequent revoke. These tricks are taken at the end of the hand from the tricks of the revoking side and added to the tricks of the other side. They count exactly as if won in play and may assist Declarer to make his contract or to go game; or may assist the adversaries to defeat the contract, in which case they carry full bonus values. *After surrendering these tricks the revoking side may score for its remaining tricks as it would if it had not revoked.*

Another change is in the scoring of honours. All honours are scored in multiples of ten. Simple honours in any suit score 30, four honours between two partners 40, four in one hand 80, and five in one hand 100. For the purpose of cutting for deal and for partners Ace now counts highest, and the player drawing the highest card gets the deal and the choice of cards and seats.

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A YEAR OF KINETIC DESIGN

Kinetic design has reached its first anniversary. A year ago the leading fashion authorities of the world were ecstatically acclaiming it as a revolutionary discovery. Events have borne out that prediction. Memory for styles is short; but one need look back only twelve months to see the ugly shackling tube silhouette and to compare it with the beautiful freedom and movement which kinetic design has now brought into dress.

When Lucien Lelong developed the technique of creating dress designs in motion, he named it "kinetic" design. It had been Paris practice to design gowns on still figures—creating dress pictures, therefore, that often lost artistic proportions when being worn in motion. Life expresses itself in motion, and thus the kinetic dress is fitted to life. That adjustment accounts for its extraordinary wearableness.

The progress of kinetic design has been swift and steady. It has conquered the world in a year, and its creations are now the recognized criteria of Paris fashion.

LUCIEN LELONG
16, RUE MATIGNON
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DORLAND — PARIS

By Reg. Gammon

BAD LUCK!

Bride: "He's awful, mother! He does not believe in bridge, dancing or any amusement"

Mother: "But you must remember, dear, you took him for better or worse"

Bride: "Yes, but it would be so much better if he were worse!"

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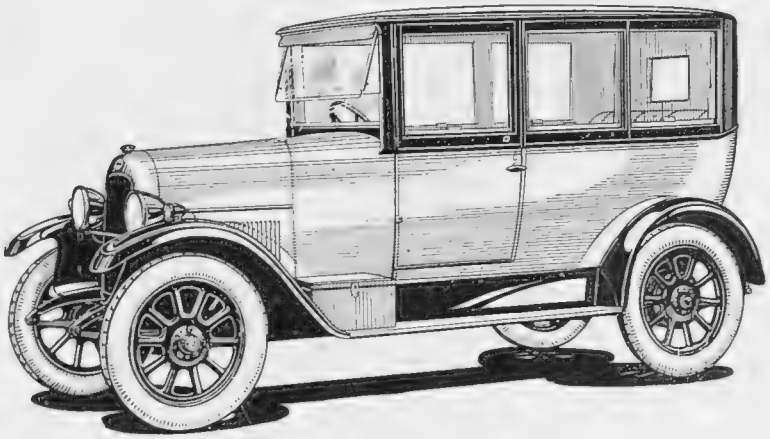

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

I AM inclined to give a very high place to a first novel, published on the eve of the strike, which it is to be hoped will not be allowed to suffer on that account. The book in question is *The Pool* (Allen and Unwin, 7*s.* 6*d.* net). I understand that its author, Mr. Anthony Bertram, is a young man. He has certainly written a most remarkable book. Not for a long time, indeed, have I read a first novel with such genuine pleasure and interest.

❊

IN the first place there are two points to be noted about *The Pool*. It may conceivably offend or even shock certain people. It attempts to give a picture of life in the Rotherhithe slums, and when things have to be said, they are said in a blunt and forthright way. If, however, the book is outspoken, it is never suggestive, and the truth stands out boldly from every line. In the second place, there is the question of dialect. Frankly, I detest long patches of dialogue carried out in a local and often very difficult jargon. And yet such is Mr. Bertram's skill that never once is it possible to be irritated by the extraordinary language which he puts into these Eastenders' mouths. On the contrary, the use of this dialect throughout helps not a little to add to one's enjoyment.

❊

AND what, you ask, of the story itself? Well, it is a moving little tale of a girl—a princess of the slums. Rosie Betts may kiss her boys, she may play one off against the other, she may hold her head rather too high (even for a princess) on occasions, but she steals a place in your heart straightway, and keeps it steadfastly to the end. There is only one possession upon which Rosie puts much account, and that is the one of which not all the temptations in the world shall rob her. Yet that robbery does take place, and under the most distressing conditions.

AT MONTE CARLO

M. René Leon, Director General of the Société des Bains de Mer, the company which controls the destinies of Monte Carlo. Educated at Oxford, M. Leon is thoroughly British in his ideas, and is extremely popular with the English and American visitors and residents

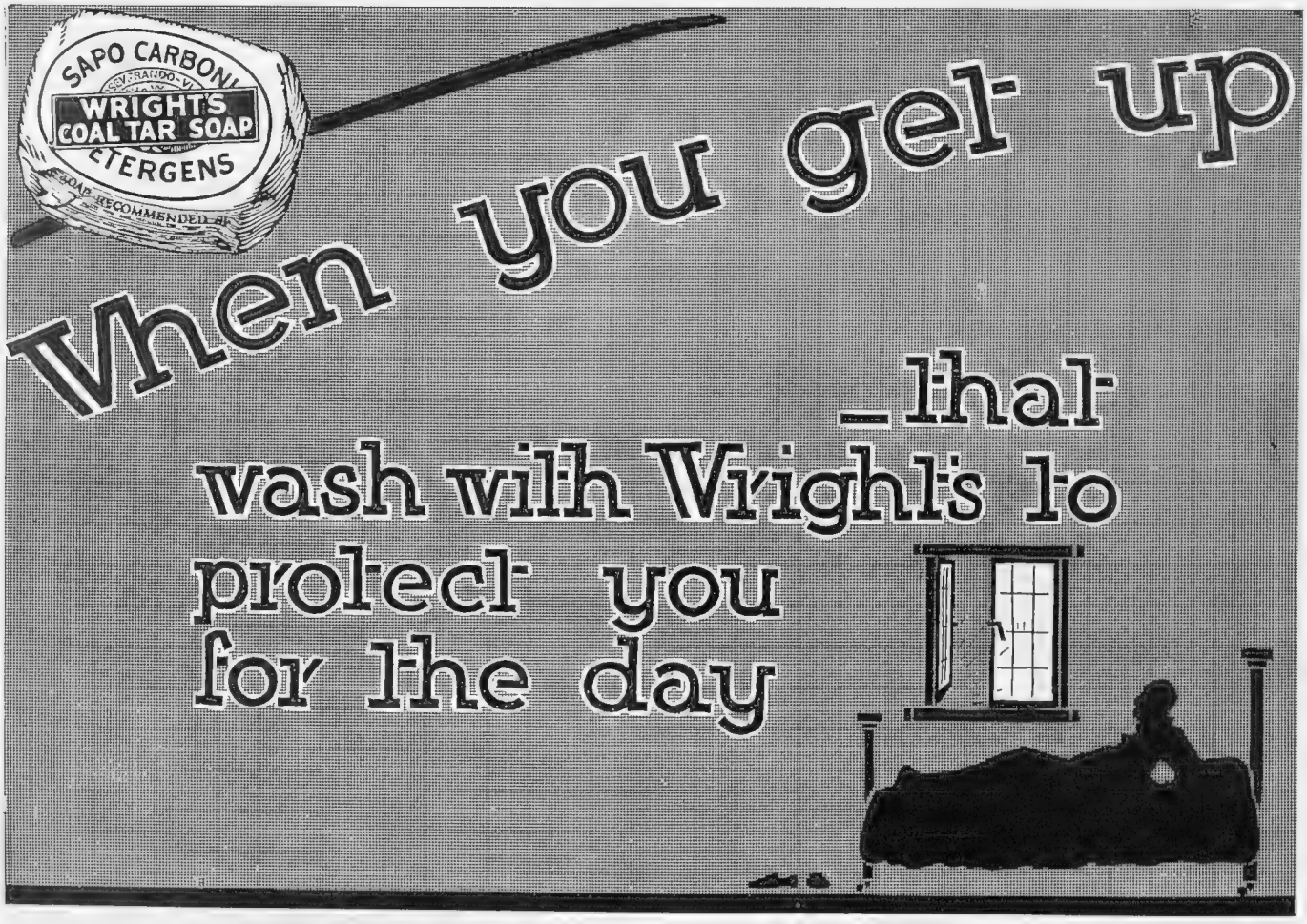
❊

FOR Rosie's betrayer is not the dear, stupid, self-improving Ernie Parker, with whom she is really in love, nor Young Bert, the good-looking professional boxer, but a little rat of a creature, Ernie's own ugly duckling of a brother. Even so, however, Rosie can continue to fight her own battles, and had it been anybody but Sid Parker himself to level accusations against her in public victory all along the line might have been hers. You might think that such a worm of a fellow as this Sid could not exist, yet nothing that Mr. Bertram makes him do or say but sounds true. In an extraordinarily dramatic passage, poor Rosie is forced to confess her shame, but at no other moment is she so fine. And even when she slips her poor crippled child into the Thames, you can hardly bring yourself to blame her. Young Bert certainly does not, when at the end his chance comes.

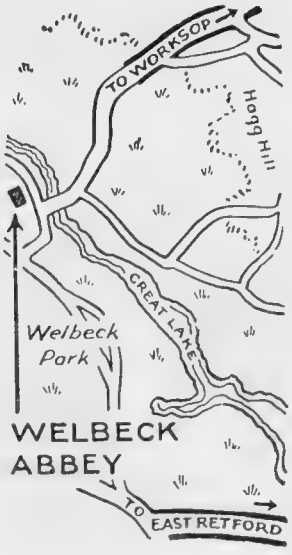
❊

I DO not pretend to have given you more than a hint of this most moving story. It must be read slowly and with care. There are a dozen or more folk in its pages who remain in one's memory long after the book has been put aside. Tom Brewster and Mrs. Parker and

(*Continued on page 636*)



"BP" Touring Series



WELBECK ABBEY

from

London	147	miles
Birmingham	74	,,
Manchester	56	,,
Newcastle	135	,,
Bristol	163	,,
Southampton	182	,,

WELBECK ABBEY

Welbeck Abbey stands in the Dukeries region of the Sherwood Forest, one of the most attractive touring districts in the British Isles. The Abbey itself, the seat of the Duke of Portland, was founded by Thomas de Cukeney, *circa* 1135. Miles of subterranean passages, constructed by the late Duke, radiate in all directions from the Abbey.

Apart from Welbeck Abbey, the motor tourist will find a diversity of interests in the Dukeries.

And that these beauty spots may be reached with ease and certainty, fill up with "BP," the British Petrol. "BP" is a product of a great all-British organization, the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., Ltd., whose pioneer activities have secured for British motorists supplies of the best possible motor spirit.

"BP"

The British Petrol

British Petroleum Co. Ltd Britannic House. Moorgate. E.C.2
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ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

Eileen and Drew—these play but small parts, yet each is sketched in with a power which many writers of reputation might envy. As for Rosie and her three lovers, they make up an unforgettable clique. Mr. Bertram has begun very well: one wonders what he will do when he attempts a story in less sordid surroundings.

❋

In the hands of the novelists those islands in the South Seas have become a home for exotic romance. The most improbable events take place in their midst, and nobody seems surprised. (It is almost like Monte Carlo.) But, actually, what are they like? You may obtain a detailed reply to this question by reading two books, recently published, which present various aspects of an expedition undertaken a year or two ago under the auspices of the Scientific Expeditionary Research Association. I hasten to add that both *The South Seas of To-day* (Cassell: 21s. net), by Major A. J. A. Douglas and Mr. P. H. Johnson, and *Sea-Girt Jungles* (Hutchinson: 18s. net), by Mr. C. L. Collenette, are books for the ordinary reader and not manuals of scientific discovery.

❋

After reading these most entertaining volumes, one is inclined to think that the novelists have not really gone too far. It may be that sunken treasures are rarer than they ought to be and natives not quite so wild as we had imagined, but in the Marquesas or Gorgona or Easter Island, with its astonishing statues, you may find beauty and romance, whether, indeed, you be searching for new human types or beetles or crabs or buried civilisations. Both Mr. Collenette, a naturalist without the narrow outlook of the older generation, and the writers of the more official volume have managed to present a very lively account of the expedition. Odd things were constantly happening, and it is not necessary to have scientific interests to appreciate and enjoy their adventures.

Vanayk

M. LORENZO BUSSETTI

Late of the Carlton, is now the popular maitre d'hôtel of the New Verrey's Restaurant in Regent Street. The new Verrey's has now been entirely rebuilt and considerably enlarged

❋

Not every reader of The Bystander can be expected to be devoted to boxing, but anybody who is interested in the sport and wishes to have what is at once a wholly authentic and a most entertaining peep behind the scenes should not miss Mr. Trevor Wignall's new book, *The Sweet Science* (Chapman and Hall, 15s. net). A great deal of nonsense is talked about the "big fights" and those who take part in them; here, set forth in the most agreeable way, is the plain truth. It is an outspoken book for which every lover of The Ring will be grateful. R. S.

"Famous Horses"

It is clear that the third volume of *Famous Horses of the British Turf* (30s.), published by the British Bloodstock Agency, 26, Charing Cross Road, W.C., will be as warmly welcomed as its preceding issues by that large section of the community which concerns itself in racing. The book deals with twenty horses who gained exceptional distinction in 1925, and contains many interesting sidelights on recent Turf history. As time goes on these volumes will be of much historical racing interest. Mr. Arthur W. Coaten covers his fascinating subject with unquestioned authority and discrimination, while the plates, reproduced from Mr. W. A. Rouch's pictures, are the best things we have seen in the way of equine photography.

ROYAL CROWN

Champagne

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Makes a handsome Garment with the rich pleasing appearance of Velvet and yet altogether more hard-wearing. Wind-proof and rain-resisting, but not air-proof, it is cool to wear whilst affording full protection against summer chills. A Gazelda super-leather Garment will please you. There is a wonderful choice of fashionable shades.

Your Tailor or Costumier can supply you. BCM/GAZELDA.

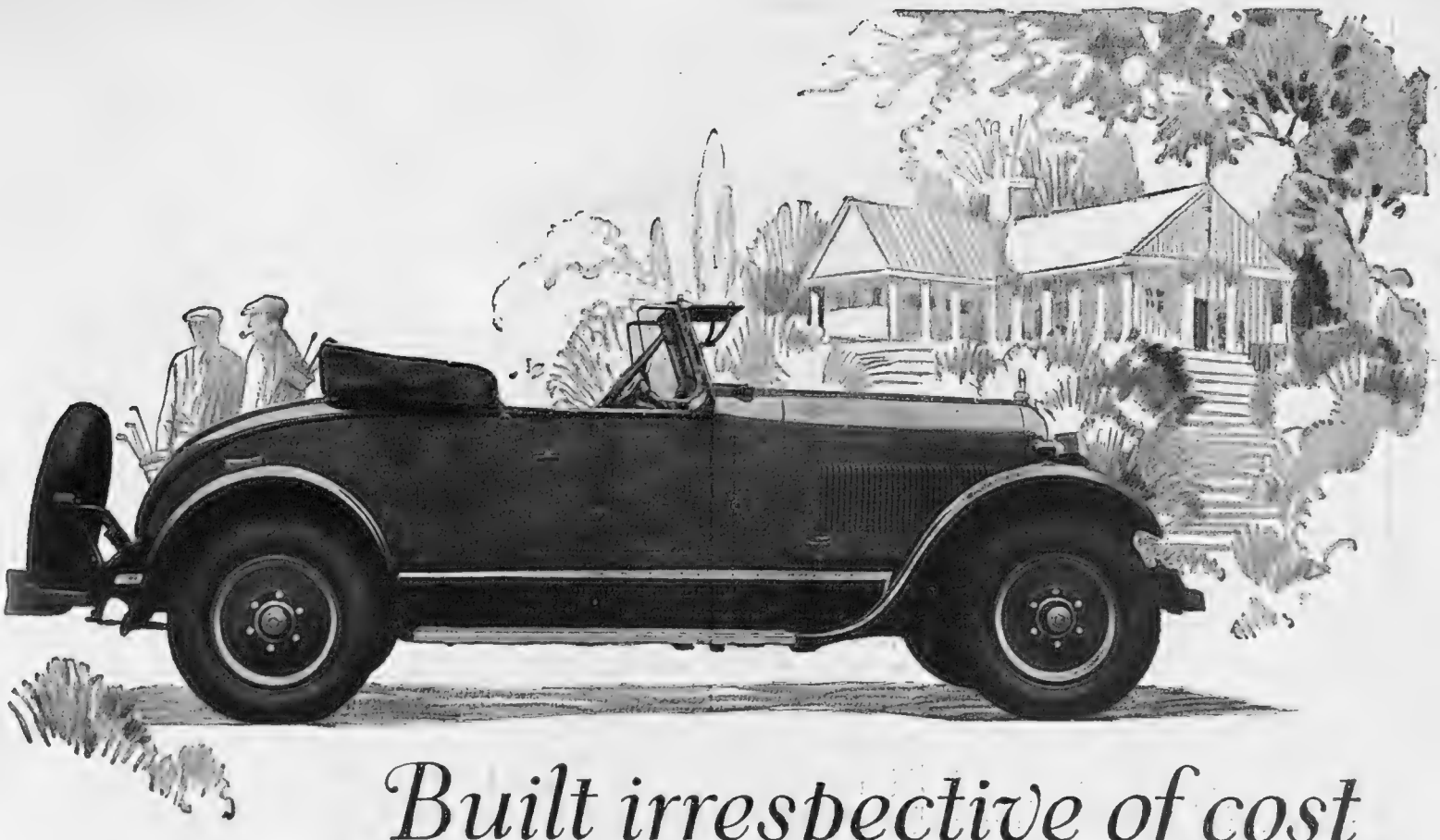
Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances.

Under Royal Patronage.

Sometimes it is difficult to know what to say when writing an Appeal. We want so many things that one does not know where to begin. If I say we want money I think that includes everything; for we want it more than anything, and we never get enough. The General Fund—the backbone of the Society—needs it very much; while the Special Fund that provides for the Sick and Aged always needs replenishing. The poor ladies want money to help them pay their rent. Perhaps those who cannot give as they would like during their life-time would remember they may be able to do so at their death. A Legacy of from £50 to £100 is very useful to us, yet would not prevent you providing for those who may need your help. To those who give Legacies we can truly say that their works do follow them.

Please help us when you can.

Lancaster House, Malvern. EDITH SMALLWOOD, *Hon. Sec.*



Built irrespective of cost – yet sold at the One-Profit price of £550

THIS is the famous Studebaker Big Six Sport Roadster — the lightest car in the Studebaker Big Six range.

Not within £200 of its price will you find such another Sport Roadster in the world. Such low, sweeping body lines — superb coachwork — wide deep-cushioned seats and long resilient springs to smother road shocks. Such silent vibrationless power, silky smoothness and perfect control.

There's sheer beauty and quality in every detail of this staunchly built Roadster. The coachwork is richly finished in two tones of green-grey. Upholstery is in genuine leather with the seat back adjustable to any angle. Ample room for three in the wide front seat—and for two in the comfortable dickey.

Studebaker engineers excelled themselves when they produced this superb model. They planned and designed it *irrespective of cost*. The price is low because, like every Studebaker, it is a "One-Profit" car—built complete in the Studebaker factories, with no extra profits to pay to outside manufacturers.

Complete equipment includes hydraulic 4-wheel braking system (the safest yet devised); front bumper and rear bumperettes; full size balloon tyres; spare tyre, tube and cover; automatic spark control; emergency brake; safety lighting control; waterproof ignition; air and oil strainer; petrol filter; automatic windscreen cleaner; petrol gauge; rear-view mirror; speedometer; oil pressure gauge; combination stop-and-tail light; coincidental lock to ignition and steering gear.

A few minutes at the wheel of this Roadster will give you such a thrilling sense of power, comfort and safety as you never before experienced. Have a trial run. A Big Six Roadster will call for you at a few hours' notice.

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Different Models in stock for immediate delivery from

£385

Very advantageous deferred payment terms can be arranged within our own organisation. Your old car in part exchange. Write to Dept. Z for booklet explaining what "One-Profit Unit-Built" construction means to you.

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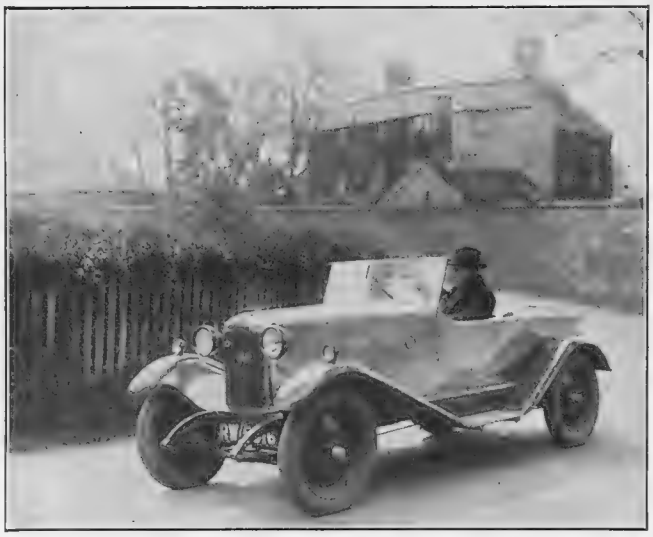
Telephone: Langham 1210 (2 lines.)

B22

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD



RAKISH LINES

The very sporting appearance of the new 9-20 h.p. Rover is clearly shown in the above photograph. This popular car costs only £240

IT would be difficult to imagine nowadays what summer would be like without a motor vehicle. The motor car has become an absolute necessity as well as a pleasure, and in every form of sport it has its uses as a means of transport. Even those who are unable to afford their own cars are often able to enjoy motoring at their friends' expense, and even failing that there are the latest palatial motor coaches which bring the pleasures of comfortable motoring within the reach of all classes. It is estimated that there are over 1½ million cars licensed at the present moment; a simple calculation will show the opportunities which these afford for motoring to the inhabitants of the British Isles.

***

THE popularity of motor caravanning is increasing. Only a small minority are able to afford the full-sized motor-driven caravan, and it is in the direction of the light trailer caravans that the greatest developments are taking place. It has been found in practice that very little power is taken when towing one of these small homes on wheels, and it is now possible to obtain a trailer caravan providing living and sleeping accommodation for two people, and which can be towed by an 8 horse-power car. All interested in motor caravanning should obtain a booklet entitled "Caravanning," which is published by the Holiday Caravan Co., Ltd., Bainton Road, Oxford. Particulars are given of no fewer than twelve different types of caravans, ranging from a small one for two people to a large and luxurious vehicle for four. A study of this book is like a breath of fresh air.

***

THE most important event of the year in the British motor-cycling world is the Tourist Trophy races, which take place next week in the Isle of Man. Three races are to be decided, the Lightweight, the Junior and the Senior. Over 140 entries have been received for the three races, and some very high speeds are anticipated. Practising started ten days ago, and will continue up to the eve of the races. The course measures 37 miles round, and has to be covered seven times, a longer distance than previously. No special fuels are allowed, only commercial petrol and benzole being permitted. It is a great pity that there will be no road race for cars in the British Isles this year, the most important of the International competitions being held on Brooklands track.

***

THE introduction of the 7 h.p. Fiat at the last Olympia Exhibition caused widespread interest. The engine dimensions are comparatively tiny, yet the car itself is full-sized and affords generous accommodation for adult passengers. The road performance of the car is surprisingly good, and is out of all proportion to the size of the engine. Deliveries of these cars commenced some time ago, and now that the vehicle is in full production the makers have

(*Continued on page 640*)

Ideal Easy Terms

TO the thousands of would-be Motorists who do not wish to pay cash, CAR MART have in operation a convenient and easy plan, whereby any approved make of car will be supplied on terms to suit the income of each purchaser. This scheme is financed throughout by CAR MART, thereby providing a mutually satisfactory basis for the transaction and allowing for a more elastic scale of payment.

Write for Booklet giving particulars of the CAR MART service—it will interest every car buyer

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THE Car illustrated here is in every respect representative of the best that thirty years of experience can offer. It is a superb example of Lanchester productions—a 40 H.P. 6-cylinder 7-seat Enclosed Drive Three-quarters Landaulet, a much-favoured type, dignified in appearance and combining all the appointments and refinements for luxurious travel you would expect to find in the Car with the highest reputation in the automobile industry.

Illustrated Catalogues on demand. Dunlop Tyres. Standard.

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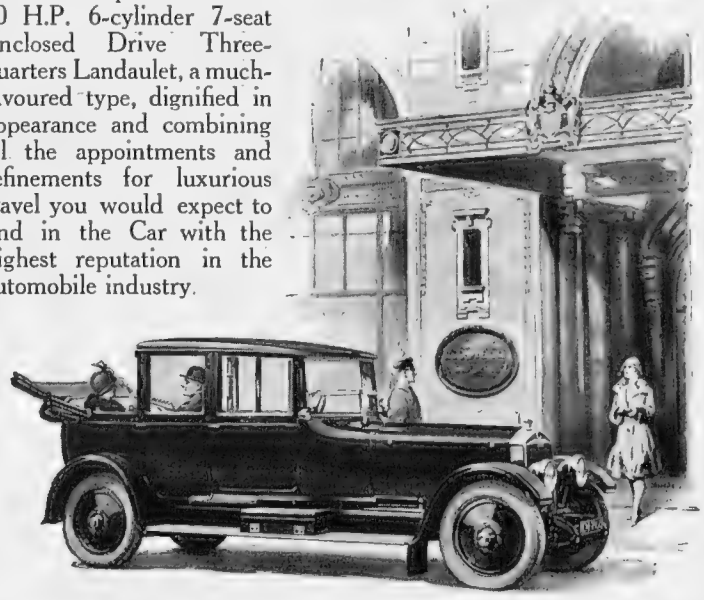

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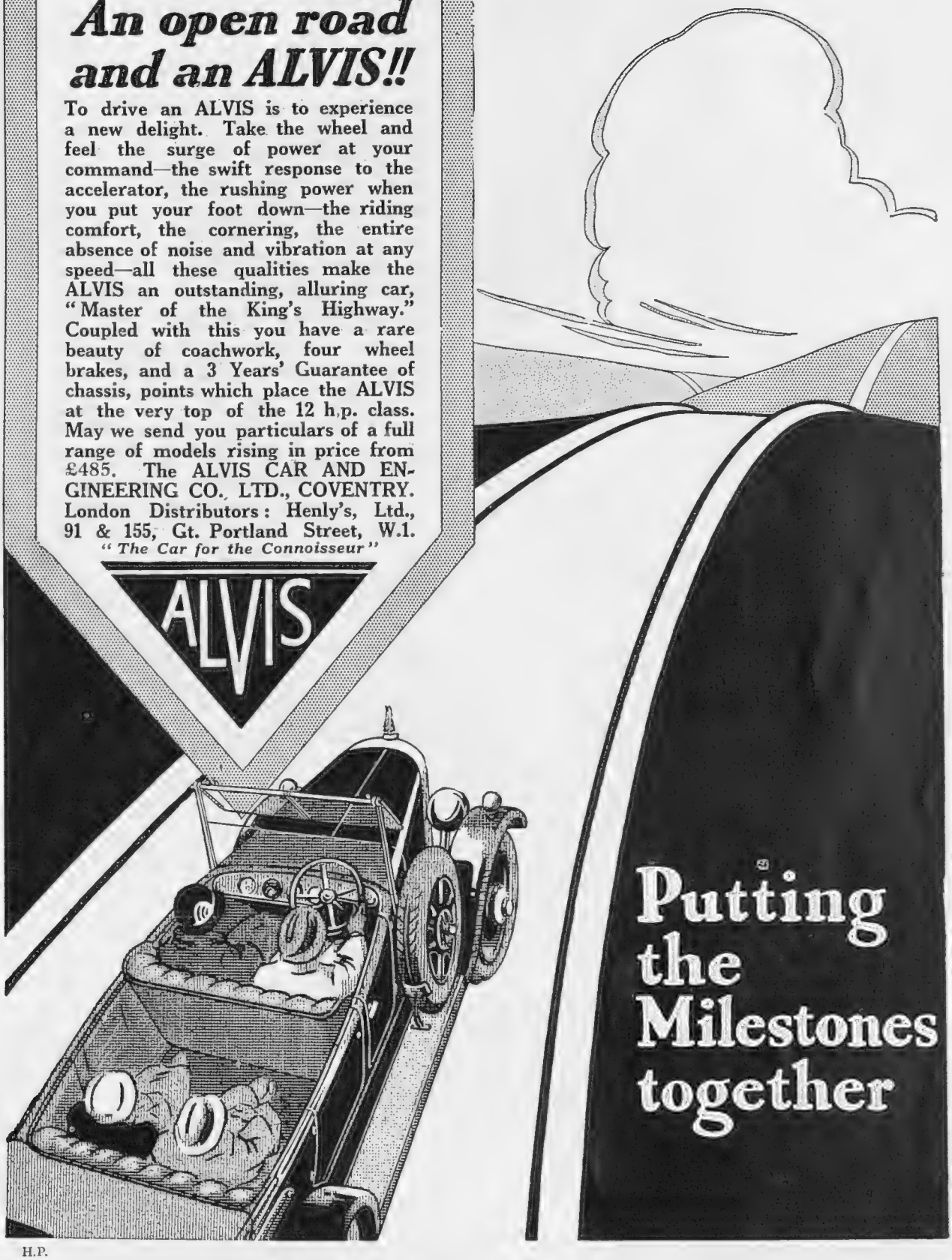
An open road and an ALVIS!!

To drive an ALVIS is to experience a new delight. Take the wheel and feel the surge of power at your command—the swift response to the accelerator, the rushing power when you put your foot down—the riding comfort, the cornering, the entire absence of noise and vibration at any speed—all these qualities make the ALVIS an outstanding, alluring car, "Master of the King's Highway." Coupled with this you have a rare beauty of coachwork, four wheel brakes, and a 3 Years' Guarantee of chassis, points which place the ALVIS at the very top of the 12 h.p. class. May we send you particulars of a full range of models rising in price from £485. The ALVIS CAR AND ENGINEERING CO., LTD., COVENTRY. London Distributors: Henly's, Ltd., 91 & 155, Gt. Portland Street, W.1.

"The Car for the Connoisseur"

ALVIS



Putting the Milestones together

H.P.

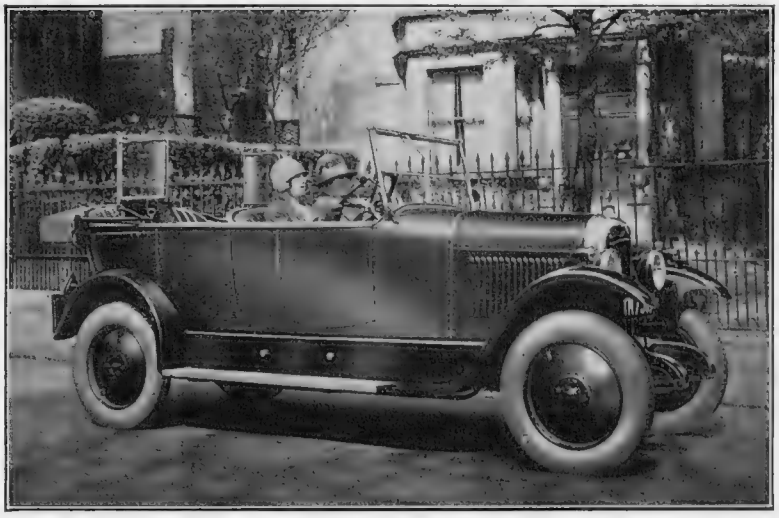
found it possible to reduce the price. The new price of the 7 h.p. four-seater Torpedo Fiat is £230, a reduction of £20 on the original price. I am looking forward to a trial of one of these new cars, as the reports I have heard are very favourable.

***

OWING to the steady expansion in their business the makers of Castrol oil, Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., have found it necessary to supplement their original refinery at Liverpool and have now established themselves in the extensive buildings of the Crown Wharf, Hayes. Covering nearly five acres, this auxiliary refinery and stores will offer greatly increased facilities for the production and distribution of the Wakefield lubricants. A well-equipped laboratory has been fitted out, and here are conducted the exhaustive tests and constant analyses required in the production of high quality lubricant.

***

A NOVEL motor trial was recently carried out on a 9-20 h.p. Rover under the observation of the Royal Automobile Club. A standard model was selected from among the agents' stocks, and the car set out on the road for a general test of petrol and oil consumption, reliability, etc. The novel feature of the trial lies in the fact that at its commencement the R.A.C. observer was presented with a £5 note. All running charges of the car had to be paid for with this money, and when the last penny was expended the trial came automatically to a finish. The idea was to discover how far an economical car such as the Rover would travel on 100 shillings. The R.A.C. certificate will be issued in due course, and should form interesting reading.



ALL-STEEL COACHWORK

The roomy, new 11.4 h.p. Citroën touring model. A feature of this British-built car is the all-steel coachwork, for which great things are claimed. Four-wheel brakes are also supplied

***

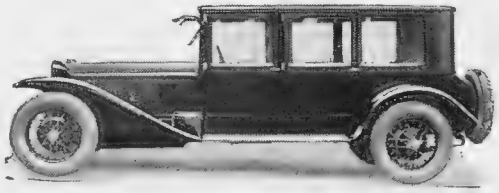
THERE are many motorists who like to make short runs out of town on a summer evening just for dinner and possibly a game of tennis, golf, etc. This necessitates a somewhat late meal, and certain hotels have their set dinners at times unsuitable for these summer-time motorists. The Automobile Association has realised this difficulty, and has approached several hotel proprietors holding the A.A. official appointment. As a result, arrangements have been made at a number of hotels for a special meal to be supplied at 9 p.m. on at least one evening each week. Motorists are thus able to leave town as late as 7 or 7.30 p.m., and yet be assured of adequate refreshment at the end of the trip. So far hotels in the following places around London have decided to try the experiment:—Ascot, Aylesbury, Box Hill, Bushey, Eton, Guildford, Hindhead, Maidenhead, Maidstone, Sevenoaks, and Shalford.

***

A NEW Willys-Knight six-cylinder sleeve-valve car has recently been introduced to the British market. It is known as the model 70, and has a six-cylinder engine rated at 20.7 h.p. The actual brake horse-power developed is, I am informed, 53 at 3,200 r.p.m. It will thus be seen that the new engine is of the high efficiency type, yet, being provided with sleeve valves, silence of running and lengthy wear are secured without sacrificing engine efficiency. A single

(*Continued on page xii*)

"The Best Medium Powered Car in the World."



Speed with Economy.

"I have great pleasure in informing you "that I celebrated the 12,000 mile mark "by going to Sussex and back—128 "miles—and using only 4¼ gallons of "petrol or just over 30 miles to the gallon, "which I think an excellent performance."

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We know all about Used Car values, because we study them as closely as a physician studies the temperature of his patient or the stockbroker the movement of shares. We will at any time tell you, gratis, what your car is worth.

We will buy it from you or take it in Part Exchange, in which connection we have the biggest business in England. When you purchase your new car from us we will give you a figure at which we will guarantee to buy it back from you in, say, a year's time, or any other convenient period.

If you take advantage of our knowledge you can run a better car and run it cheaper.

Do not miss the psychological moment when it pays you to sell. We can tell you when it is.

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THE
BYSTANDER
116-117, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

No. 1,173—Vol. XC. Wednesday, June 9, 1926 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Telegrams: "Selanet, Piccy, London."

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"MILTON HOUSE," STRAWBERRY HILL.
COMMODIOUS FAMILY RESIDENCE, in quiet and select position, containing hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, dressing and bathrooms, ample offices.
Garage. Studio. Workshop. Greenhouse. Company's electric light, gas and water. Main drainage.
OLD-WORLD PLEASAUNCE of nearly an ACRE.
To be sold, by AUCTION, at the St. James' Estate Rooms, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1, on Tuesday, June 15, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold).
Solicitors: Messrs. Evershed and Tomkinson, 23, Temple Row, Birmingham.
Particulars from the Auctioneers:
—HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

SUSSEX.

Close to Ashdown Forest and Holtye Golf Courses.
A delightful Week-end or Summer Retreat.
The genuine and very interesting XVth Century
Small Sussex Farmhouse.
"BROOKLANDS,"
Hammerwood, near East Grinstead.
Delightful position, 300ft. up. Nice views.
THE HOUSE IS APPROACHED BY DRIVE and contains: pleasant hall, large living room, dining room, 5 bedrooms, bathroom and offices.
Oak beams, rafters and floors. Big inglenooks, etc.
Garage, Stabling and Outbuildings.
Grounds include orchards, grasslands and paddock; in all about 4 ACRES.
WITH VACANT POSSESSION
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REIGATE.

Close to an open Common and 1¼ mile from station, with splendid service to City and West End.
FOR SALE, an exceptionally well-built and beautifully-situate RESIDENCE, 300ft. above sea, with lovely views and surrounded by about 2¼ acres of very charmingly-designed, well-timbered and entirely secluded grounds with 2 tennis courts, rock and rose gardens, orchard, etc.
It contains 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, well-designed hall and capital offices.
Garage. Stabling. Cottage.
Recommended from personal inspection by the Agents, Messrs. HARRIE, STACEY & SON, Redhill and Reigate, and
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500ft. up in prettiest part of the
CHILTERN HILLS.

Within easy daily reach of London.
OLD ENGLISH STYLE HOUSE of very attractive design to be SOLD or LET FURNISHED. Contains hall 3 reception, and 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.
Central heating. Electric light. Main water.
OAK STAIRCASE. PARQUET FLOORS.
Tennis lawn, kitchen garden, fruit trees.
EXCELLENT GARAGE.
The whole property is in splendid order and most inexpensive to run.
Full details of Owner's Agents.
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550ft. above sea, on the Surrey Hills.
15 MILES FROM THE WEST END.

At thousands less than outlay (£12,000) made within past few years.
FOR SALE, a thoroughly well-found and most attractively situate RESIDENCE, replete with every convenience for comfort and economic maintenance.
11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, billiard room, 3 reception rooms, etc.
SIX ACRES of delightful grounds and paddock.
Cottage. Garage. Stabling, etc.
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HERTS, ST. ALBANS.

Very quiet position, about 400ft. up.
Well away from main road traffic.
10 minutes from Station. Excellent service.
FOR SALE, capital MODERN RESIDENCE, erected about 30 years, in secluded position in well-timbered grounds of about 2 acres; hall, 3 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bath, usual offices.
Company's gas and water. Telephone. Main drainage. gravel soil.
Garage, stabling, and rooms for chauffeur; tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc.; golf one mile.
PRICE, FREEHOLD, £4,700.
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By Order of Executors.
FOR QUICK SALE. PRICE £2,650 FREEHOLD.
BROMLEY, KENT.

200ft. up; gravel soil; southern aspect
Close to Stations, Golf Courses and Shops
VERY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, containing wide hall, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, billiard room, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, offices.
PRETTY PLEASURE GROUNDS. SITE FOR GARAGE.
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PRICE £2,250 FREEHOLD.
BEACONSFIELD, BUCKS.

On high ground, close to Golf Course.
BIJOU RESIDENCE, containing hall, 2 or 3 reception rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom and offices.
Company's electric light, gas and water.
Heated greenhouse and useful outbuildings.
Delightful garden of just over an acre.
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Deaf

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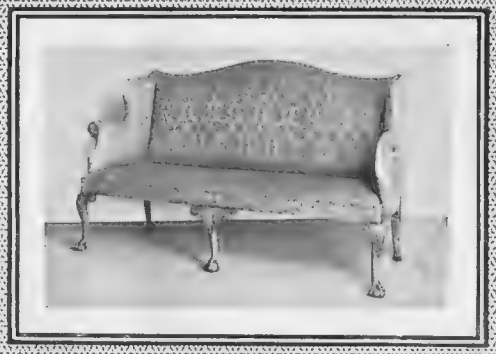

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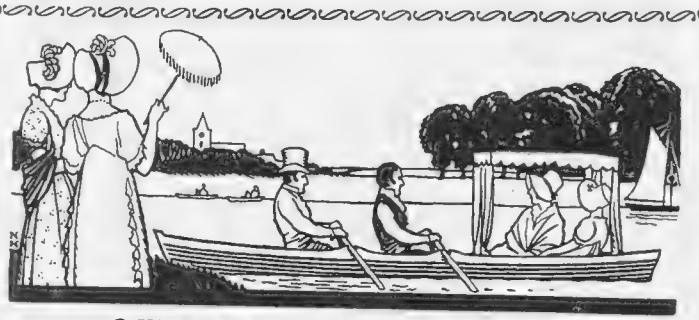

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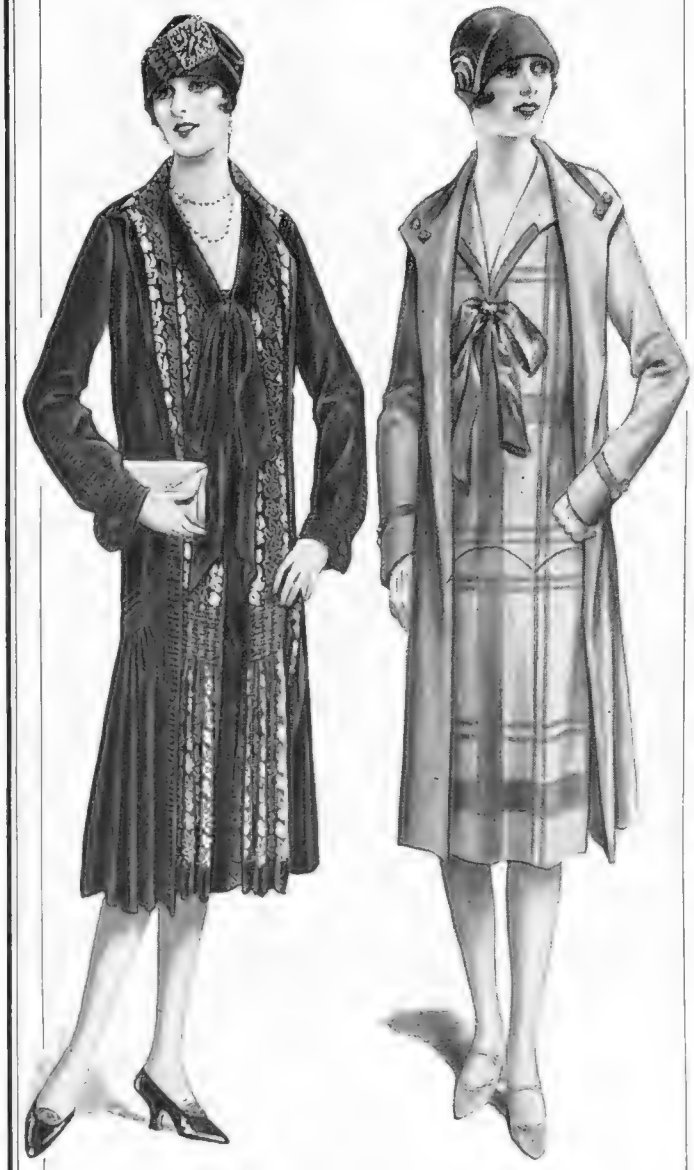

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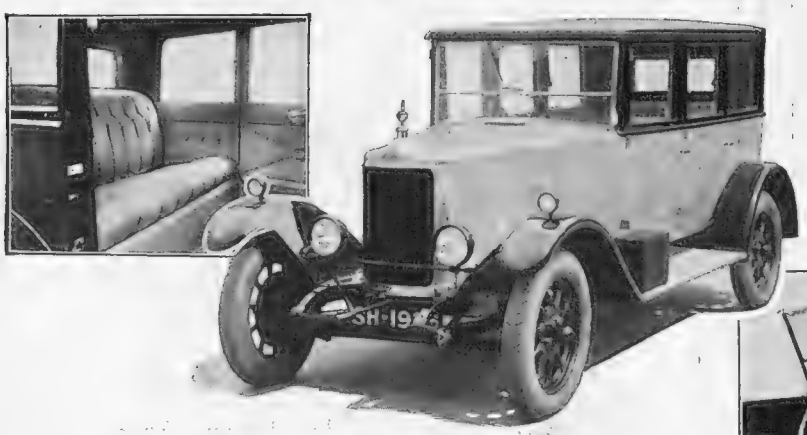

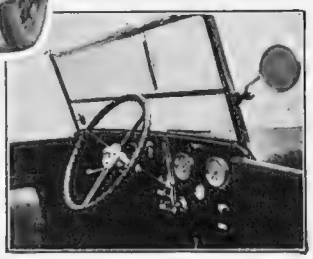

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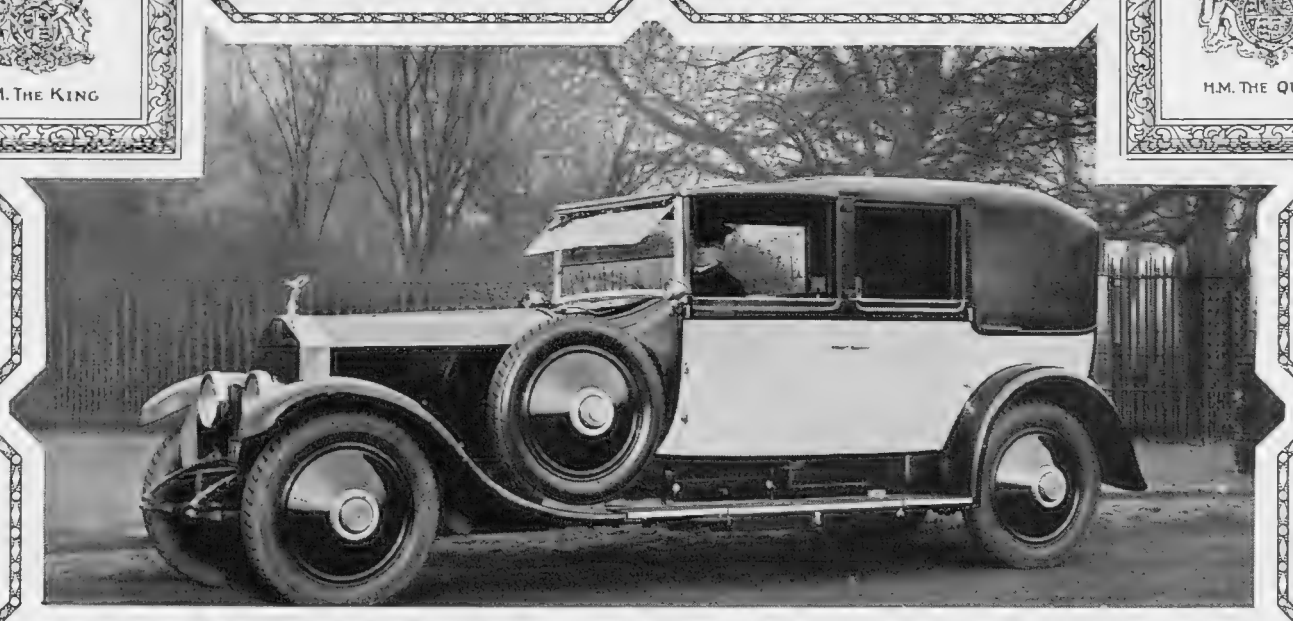

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* *
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WHEN a man first purchases a motor car he at once becomes a proud but a nervous owner. Every instruction in the maker's upkeep book is carefully carried out, every unusual noise or squeak is traced to its source and eradicated, and anything unusual in the behaviour of the car results in sleepless nights. How different is the behaviour of owners when they have reached their fifth or sixth car. By that time they have come to consider their mount as a servant and not as a master. Practically the only systematic attention received is the replenishment of petrol, oil and water. Any unusual squeaks or noises are left to their own devices in the fond hope that they will cure themselves. The motorist in time gets to that happy state of mind when nothing really matters as long as the car keeps on going. This is as it should be, as a motor car should not require fussing over every few hundred miles. As each new design comes out, it will usually be found that the aim of the maker has been to provide a car which requires practically no attention at all. It may certainly run slightly better if carefully looked after, but it will certainly run quite well if it is not looked after at all.

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A Correction

Owing to our having received incorrect information, it was stated under a photograph of the Motor Repair Depot on the Horse Guards Parade, which appeared in our issue of May 26th, that the Depot was formed under Major P. P. Curtis, Director of the Curtis Automobile Co., Ltd. We have been asked by Major Curtis to say that, whilst he worked at the depot, the moving spirit and originator was Mr. T. H. Curtis, Chairman and Managing Director of the Company.

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FOR all occasions when a car is used. With ample power at his command, the seat and pedals adjusted to suit him exactly, the owner of a Bean "Twelve" or "Fourteen" can drive for hour after hour with only the pleasant fatigue of health at the end of a day enjoyed. Four doors, four wheel brakes, four forward speeds, right-hand control, no belts, Dunlop Cord Balloon Tyres.

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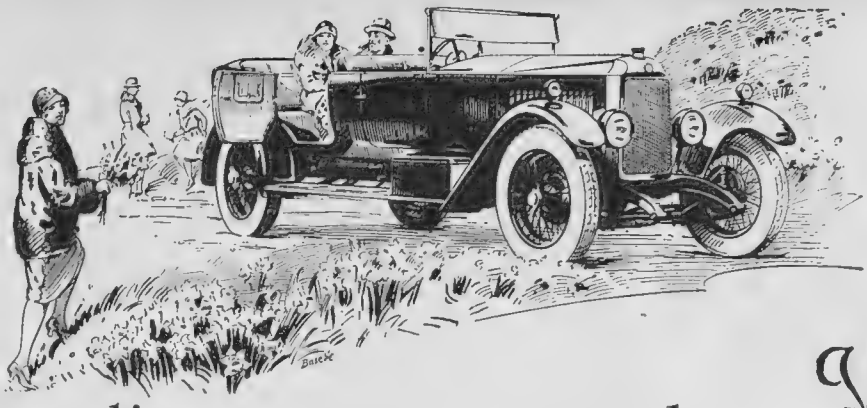

Utility, quality, appearance and style, value——

It is interesting to consider a car point by point. Such a process will reveal, for example, that the 14-40 Vauxhall is one of the few cars evidently built for the discerning man of means. There is not another car easily to be named so distinguished and so moderately priced. *Utility*—Carriage room and actual road power to carry five persons and luggage with ease anywhere at a fast cruising pace. *Quality of Construction*—External inspection shows it to be of a very high order; acquaintance with details of design reveals a hundred and one points of fine engineering. *Appearance and Style*—Incomparably superior to the majority of cars. *Value*—£550 for the 'Princeton' touring car, and £650 for the 'Bedford' saloon. Decide to look into the merits of the Vauxhall. A car is at your disposal for a trial drive whenever you like.

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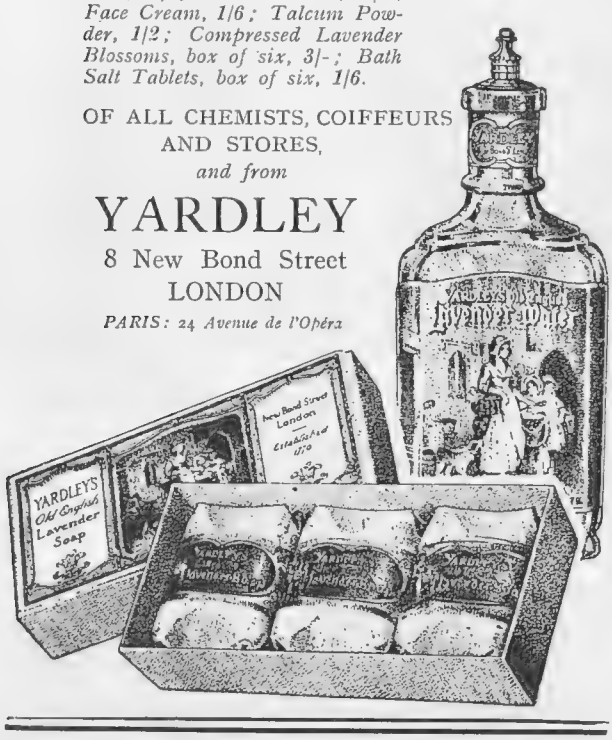

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With the approach of Summer every well-dressed woman gives serious attention to the selection of shoes. On their careful choice depends the success, or otherwise of her new Summer frocks. We have always appreciated this at the London Shoe Company and are renowned for the comprehensive variety of styles and fittings which we offer to our customers. We invite you to visit any of our Salons, and inspect our new season's stock.

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FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

USEFUL AND ATTRACTIVE

Although a tea-frock in name, this model from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, is suitable for a variety of occasions. It is of the palest blue chiffon, figured with beige and blue roses, the latter shade being picked up in the hem, long revers and sleeve turn-ups

Enchanting Tea Frocks that Meet Many Occasions

THE adaptable character of dress is simply amazing these days. You may set out to buy a garden-party frock, and find the dream of your heart in a tea-frock. In the same way, it is difficult to distinguish an afternoon dress from an evening toilette. A fact all can confirm for themselves by paying a visit to the tea-gown and tea-frock salons at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge.

A tea-frock in name, though really suitable for a variety of occasions, is the model illustrated. Of the palest blue chiffon, this is figured over with beige and blue roses, the latter nuance picked up in a hem of the self shade to the square panel skirt, and long revers and sleeve turn ups, stitched with wee frills of ivory lace. This, however, is only one of the many expressions Harvey Nichols are offering in like guise.

At only 8½ guineas comes a range of the most attractive printed *crêpe de Chines*, the long cross-over bodice threaded through at the base above a skirt deeply shirred in front. In lacquer-red and beige this model is indescribably *chic*, and represents the ideally cool little frock we are all eagerly seeking at the moment; one, too, that is so easily got into and out of.

Really supreme value is being found in a heavy-weight *crêpe de Chine*, that has quite a tailored effect with its well-pressed, inverted-pleated skirt, and long cross-over bodice with narrow lapels. In a range of modish colours, a model that is being offered at the almost incredible price of 6½ guineas. Go and see it, it will well repay a visit, as also the rest of the choice in this tea-gown department at Harvey Nichols.

Smart Season Models

LAST hour toilettes are being eagerly sought for Ascot—a demand none is in a better position to supply than Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus, W. The buying here is always on a prodigious scale, and, looking around the wealth of choice displayed, there is borne home the firm conviction how every taste has been taken into the closest consideration.

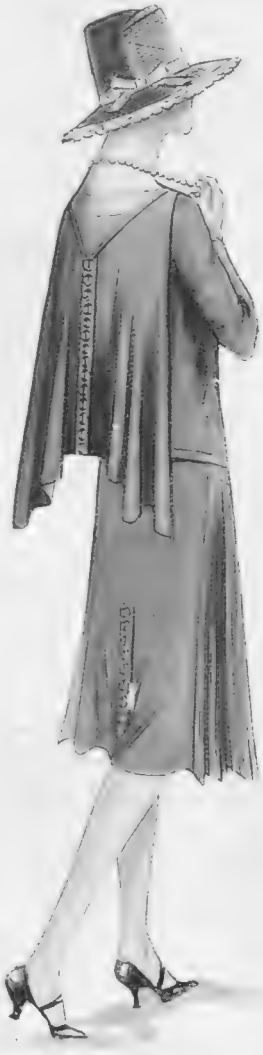
What, indeed, more suitable could be found for the Berkshire racecourse than the example pictured, comprising a frock after the popular jumper *genre*, effected in ivory georgette and a sort of lace made of the same material, and slightly reminiscent of Richelieu, this melts at the hem into a deep border of navy-blue georgette, a contrast that is pursued in a lovely cloak, elaborately shirred to half its depth, and completed by a handsome collar similarly treated. The *ensemble* is wholly delightful and supremely *chic*, the frock being complete in itself for a hot day, the cloak supplying the frequently requisite wrap.

Essentially Ascot at its smartest is a white, finely pleated georgette, partially veiled in filmy black lace. A black georgette, appealing persuasively, arranged with an open coat front, delicately embroidered in string colour. While for young girls, whose youth and beauty invest the simplest frock with charm, there are the very sweetest ninon dresses, ranging in price from six guineas.

AN ASCOT TOILETTE

A frock of ivory georgette, and a sort of lace made of the same material, melting into a deep border of navy blue georgette, the latter note being continued in the cloak. The model is by Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus

Sketches by Helen Havers



THE IMPORTANCE OF COLOUR

This creation cleverly designed by Merci McHardy, of 1, Maddox St., W., is of rather bright navy georgette, mounted over vivid scarlet. The dress and cavalier cloak are stitched with scarlet and blue buttons. The hat is of blue petersham, trimmed with gold edged, blue satin ribbon and scarlet suède, cut out in small teeth

Frocks and Hats of Exceptionally Chic Character

IT was something of a considerable surprise to find, on visiting Merci McHardy in their new salons, 1, Maddox Street, W., frocks vying in favour with

millinery, though the reason of this development was readily explained by the extraordinary good taste displayed in gowns.

I have not seen more attractive models this season, and that is high praise, and fell quickly before the charm of a rather bright navy georgette creation, mounted over vivid scarlet georgette and pictured on previous page. A wisp of a frock in the hand, this reveals a number of telling effective details when on the figure, such as very fine *plissé* insets either side the front of the skirt, and an adorable little Cavalier cape, which, together with the dress, is stitched with scarlet and blue buttons. Naturally the colouring is an important asset, and that is more clearly emphasised in the accompanying little hat, which is made of blue petersham, trimmed gold edge blue satin ribbon and scarlet *suède* cut out in small teeth, an *ensemble* that is verily the epitome of *chic*.

In addition to these beautiful and exclusive models, Merci McHardy are making a feature of inexpensive ready-to-wear gowns, remarkable value being forthcoming at 8½ guineas. There is a black and white figured foulard that will rejoice the heart of a tall, full-figured woman, as it is arranged on slimming crossover lines with a becoming curved flounce, the edges outlined everywhere by hems of black georgette, while for a young girl there is, at the same price, a dream of a cool summer frock of printed *crêpe de Chine*, tones of beige and snuff-brown on a scarlet ground.

FOR SPORTS WEAR

Two suggestions from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street. The jumper is of *crêpe de Chine* suiting, with a contrasting collar, and bands to the short sleeves. The little slip-on tennis coat is of a blue and white canvas material, fastening at a low line with a link button

Sketch by Helen Havers

Jumpers and Coats for Lawn Tennis

WHEREVER the eye turned at Whitsun it was met by charmingly clad girls and white-flannelled youths carrying rackets. Therefore it was in no wise surprising to find the tennis jumper playing a leading *rôle* in the shirt department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford St., W.

Built of what is known as *crêpe de Chine* suiting, a British production, and consequently sound, this, as the picture reveals, is short, straight and slim, with quaint little pointed pockets, and contrasting collars and bands to the short sleeves. When the jumper is white these details are carried out in a colour, while in coloured *crêpe de Chine* the collar, etc., are of pale beige. And, ready to be stepped into, the price of this exceedingly practical and suitable garment is only 29*s.* 6*d.*

A bigger demand than ever has set in for those short,

(*Continued on page* xviii)

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TWO CASINOS

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handy little slip-on coats in the same connection. A supply thereof is equally well fulfilled in this shirt section at Marshall's, where is also a novelty canvas material in a variety of colours mingled with white, such as Saxe-blue, red, yellow, rose and green occurs in a fancy checked design, the colour emphasised in collar, cuffs and pocket bands of duvetyn.

The actual model sketched was in blue and white, the fronts fastening at a low line with a link button, and the price is 39*s.* 6*d.* Worn with a reasonable amount of care, these coats should last the summer through, and they clean up like new.

A Coiffeur Who Studies All Needs

If ever a protest were justified it is that of older women who refuse to follow the single line of shingled heads, and cannot, without endless trouble and expense, get hats to fit, or their hair dressed in a way that is becoming and suitable to their age. They are just a back number, and merely regarded as tiresome incidents.

That is generally speaking, though there is one coiffeur in the person of Mr. Thomas Gillingham, who, after many long years' experience, has not neglected the art of dressing long hair in the midst of the more pressing issues of shingling, permanent waving, etc. Consequently older women may safely requisition his services in full confidence that they will be perfectly handled and their hair dressed according to their requirements and age.

Doubtless, however, there are many who will remember Mr. Gillingham at his old Regent Street premises, whence he has removed during rebuilding operations to 81, Great Portland Street, where, in addition to everything of the best and most up to date in connection with hairdressing, cutting, waving, dyeing and treatment for all the ills the head is heir to, he has recently added beauty culture.

A STRIKING EXHIBIT

The Moat Garden exhibited at the Chelsea Flower Show by Messrs. W. H. Gaze and Sons Ltd, the Garden Craftsmen, of Kingston-on-Thames. This exhibit, which attracted much attention, was awarded a medal

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For Connoisseurs

It will be of interest to lovers of good chocolate to know that the Supex varieties, long famous in Russia, are being manufactured in London. There is a large range of assortments and flavours, all of them delicious. Supex Tea and Coffee are also being blended in London, and full particulars may be obtained from the office of Supex, Ltd., at 22, Cork Street, W.1.

Smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what the Hystogene Process can do for you.

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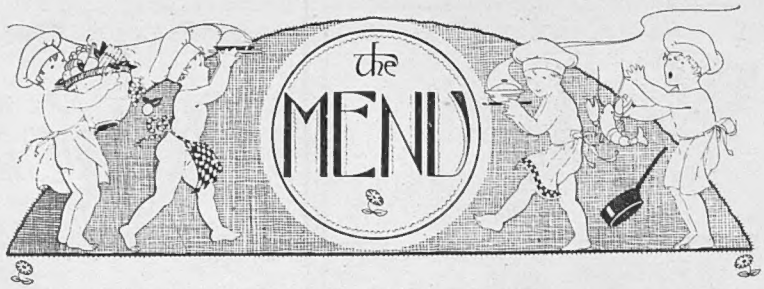

SOME ATTRACTIVE DISHES

PLOVERS' EGGS IN SAVOURY JELLY.
QUAILS EN PAPILLOTE.
BORDEAUX PIGEONS.
BOUCHÉES OF ASPARAGUS.

Plovers' Eggs in Savoury Jelly

MASK the inside of some small moulds with a thin coating of aspic jelly, when set, decorate the bottom of each mould with small pieces of truffle and hard-boiled white of egg; when set, pour over a layer of aspic. Remove the shells from the required number of cooked plovers' eggs (they require eight minutes to boil) and place an egg in each prepared mould. Pour in enough half set aspic to fill the moulds, then put them on ice to set. Remove from the moulds, and put them in the centre of an entrée dish, and surround with salad dressed with mayonnaise. This is a dainty supper dish and suitable at this time when plovers' eggs are in season.

Quails en Papillote

Truss four to six quails as for roasting and cover the breast of each with a thin slice of fat bacon. Wrap up each quail in a piece of grease-proof paper, and place the birds in a fairly hot oven. Roast them for about twelve minutes, by which time the quails should be tender and yet moist. Remove the paper and bacon from each bird, untruss and put on a hot dish. Surround with potato chips. Serve with thin brown sauce flavoured with a little port wine.

Bordeaux Pigeons

Truss three good-sized Bordeaux pigeons and place them in a good-sized casserole with sufficient butter for basting. Allow them to get a nice colour in a brisk oven. Take them out, untruss them, cut each into three small joints and replace them in the casserole. Next add a few spring carrots and turnips, season with salt and pepper, and moisten with a glass of white wine and half a pint of white stock. Cover the casserole with a lid and cook in the oven from twenty to thirty minutes. When done, take up the pigeons, skim the sauce in the pan, and replace the birds. Serve in an entrée dish with new potatoes.

Bouchées of Asparagus

Boil a pint of asparagus points (viz.: the green or soft parts of asparagus) in salted water; when done cool and drain the points on a sieve. Dissolve 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a little grated lemon-peel. Put in the asparagus points, season with a little grated nutmeg, a pinch of pepper, and the same of castor sugar, moisten with two tablespoonfuls of béchamel sauce; cook gently for about ten minutes. Just before serving bind the mixture with two yolks of eggs previously mixed with a little cream. Stir gently until it sets, but do not let it boil. Have ready some puff-paste cases (bouchées) and fill these with the asparagus mixture. Put them in the oven for a few minutes to get hot, dish up, garnish with parsley, and serve.

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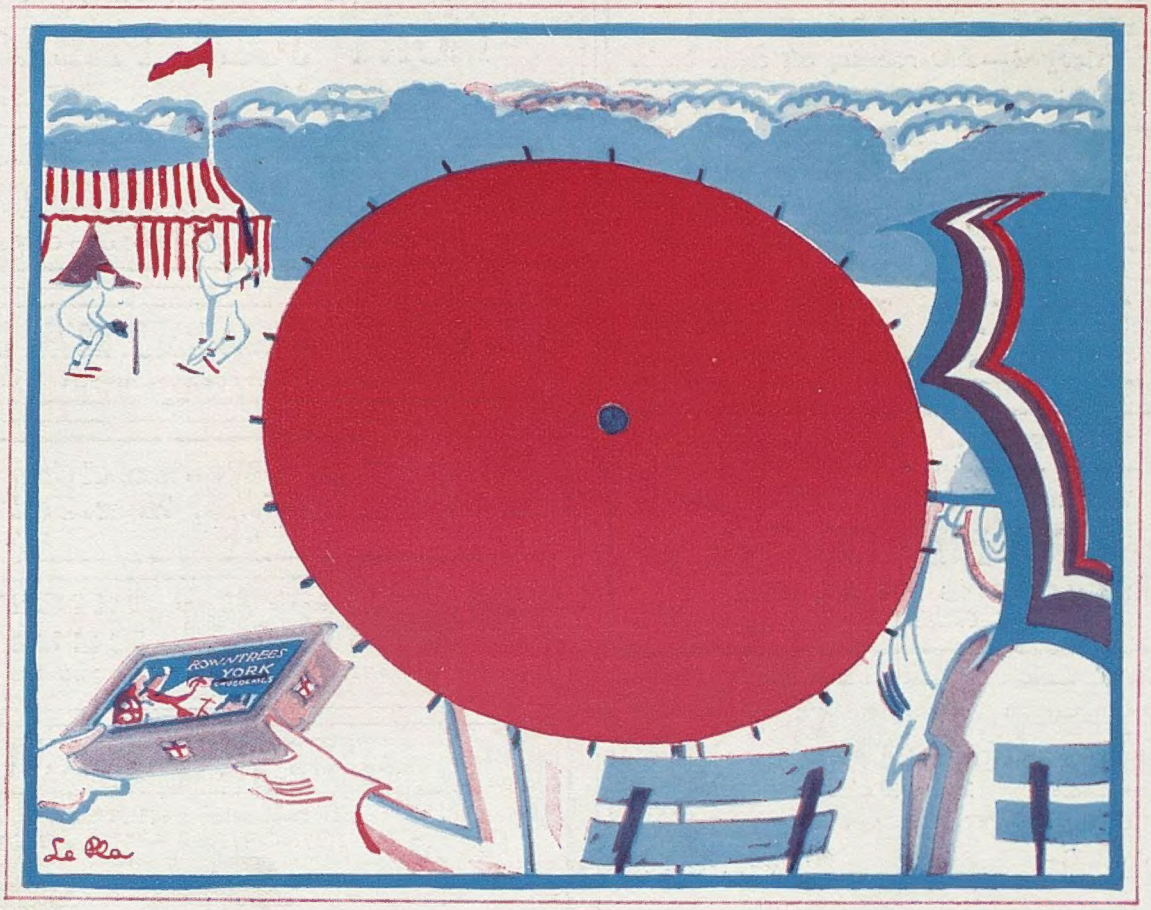

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Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.